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LITERATURE
IN THE SCHOOL

WELCH

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LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOL

AIMS, METHODS AND INTERPRETATIONS

BY

JOHN S. WELCH

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Salt Lake City Public Schools*



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NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

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TO the children of the East and the West who
have been an inspiration in many a recitation this volume is affectionately dedicated.



PREFACE

THIS book aims to suggest the purpose of literature in the elementary school and to aid the teacher in its presentation. It aims to recognize the problems of the classroom in the teaching of literature, and to give concrete illustrations of the method of teaching particular selections as type studies. It aims, too, to suggest a method of study which may be suggestive of the teaching process in simpler selections for grade work.

The author recognizes fully that all subjects rightly taught, whether cultural or industrial, tend to produce an adaptable, a reliable, an efficient worker; yet in every study one of these aims is more dominant than the others. While literature makes for adaptability and efficiency by setting up ideals of thought and action, and by its demands for concentrated thought and action, its emphasis is primarily upon reliability through its influence on character. Literature of itself will not develop character, but it will set up as ideals the fundamentals upon which character is based.

The pedagogy of the day has for its aim the setting up of great general principles and ideals which must govern and control the work of the teacher. Its defect is that it leaves the teacher who is seeking

aid in solving the specific problems of the classroom in a helpless or confused state of mind. After perusing the available books on pedagogy, the particular problems of literature, geography, history, grammar or arithmetic still remain unsolved. If this volume in any essential way tends to remedy this defect in the realm of literature-teaching, if it suggests a mode of treatment to abler teachers, the author will feel fully compensated, even though his every step be subjected to adverse criticism.

Acknowledgment is herewith made of indebtedness to the many friends of the profession who have encouraged the work; and especially to Col. Francis W. Parker, Orville T. Bright, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young and Dr. Arnold Tompkins for direction, encouragement and inspiration, when, working under their leadership, the possibilities of literature in the elementary school first dawned upon the writer.

For their many helpful suggestions in regard to this book, thanks are due to D. H. Christensen, Superintendent, Salt Lake City Schools; A. C. Nelson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Utah; Professor F. W. Reynolds of the University of Utah; Dr. Henry Suzzallo of Columbia University; and Dr. T. M. Balliet of the University of New York.

The author takes this opportunity to express his indebtedness to Thomas Y. Crowell & Company for permission to quote from "Robin Hood," by T. Walter McSpadden; and to Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use "The Day is Done,"

"The Challenge of Thor," and "King Robert of Sicily," by Henry W. Longfellow; "The Great Stone Face," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Little Red Hen," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; and "The Sandpiper," by Celia Thaxter.

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Part One

INTRODUCTION: THE POINT OF VIEW

THE American public school, its best aims and right uses, presents a serious problem to every right-thinking American. It is a problem yet to be solved, but a problem which demands defining and to which bounds and limits must be set. The many vain attempts to graft on to our public school system the ideals and practices of the Old World bear witness to the confusion existing in the minds of educators as to the real aim and function of the public schools of this country. The latest attempt to import aims and ideals defines itself under the caption of "trade schools." That there is much in our school life which demands change is beyond question. That an efficient man is a worthy return for money invested no one will deny. That the "trade school," in connection with elementary school work, equals efficiency or even approaches it is a debatable proposition. To present the question squarely it may be permissible to make a contrast between the aims and ideals of the Old World and those of the New.

In the Old World society resolves itself into two classes, the aristocrats and the democrats. The

fundamental idea back of its school systems is to perpetuate this difference. The prestige of the father, or the lack of it, determines the status of the son. The occupation of the father in a large measure determines and limits the ambition of the son. The aim of any school system based upon such an organization of society is to turn back to society the efficient cobbler, tinker or blacksmith, as the case may be. From the Volksschule of Germany it is utterly impossible to advance in a scholastic way unless the work of the school has been supplemented by a private tutor. The aim of the system is to produce a man who can do certain things efficiently in his own set way. Such an one lacks versatility and adaptability. He is a mechanic in his own line and in his own way. In all things else he is hopelessly inefficient.

The genius of the American public school is totally different. In the Old World system imperialism is accorded place and power. Through the public school of the New World sweep the demands and the spirit of a rational democracy. The necessity for universal education and enlightenment in a government of the people was the determinant of the American system of public schools. Unconsciously, but none the less surely, the public school system of America was shaped and fashioned in harmony with the law and the spirit of evolution. The period of infancy is the determinant in shaping man to what he is and may be. The American public school in its essential nature is an institution

which still further prolongs the period of infancy. It prolongs the period during which the individual in the process of becoming is growing into a discovery and a possession of himself. This discovery, this possession, determine his ambitions and set the limits thereto. The tendencies, capabilities, possibilities of the individual himself, not the occupation nor possibilities of the father, determine the place which he shall assume in the world's workshop. Herein is one essential and fundamental difference between the aims and purposes of imperialism and those of democracy.

The idea back of the "trade school," in connection with elementary school work, is diametrically opposed to this American idea, and therein lies its weakness and its danger. It hastens the period of maturity. It determines choice of occupation at too early a date. The occupation of the father, or some phase of the industrial life of the immediate environment, determines the choice, not the discovered powers and limitations of the individual himself. By this process he may become narrowly efficient. He will not become versatile and adaptable—the very mark and genius of the American workman. By this technical training at too early a date the tendency is to become more and more a mere cog in an industrial machine; and the needs of the mart, not the rights of the man, become the power and the genius which shape and define American school life, its aims and ideals.

Fortunately for this distinctive idea in American

school life, the "trade school" idea limits itself to industrial centers, dominated to a considerable extent by foreign influences and prejudiced by Old World ideals and experiences. It finds little responsive echo in the American consciousness, nor will it become the determining idea back of the American public school. At the same time the public school must recognize more clearly its own aims and ideals and functions and must move with clearly defined ideas to the realization of these aims, ideals, functions. Its aim must be to turn back to society as the finished product (1) the reliable man; (2) the adaptable man; (3) the efficient man. Its methods must be so shaped and defined that its theory will be exemplified and justified by its output.

The aim of this book is to deal with but one phase of this complex problem, to state its needs and to suggest a means. This phase pertains to the determining of the reliable man.

Any one who has given thought to present-day life in America; who has followed with patriotic zeal the newspaper and magazine articles dealing with the problems of civic life; who has witnessed the piracy of the market-place, the operation of gigantic combinations and concerns which merited and received the protest and antagonism of a great, virile President, must have been impressed by the fact that present-day society, in no mean way the product of our public schools, is much more efficient than reliable; much more intellectual than ethical; much more successful than moral. Surely the bread-and-butter

factor for the individual was a greater determinant of the aims and practices of the public school than the needs of the society in which the individual found himself and which accorded him his opportunity. While the efficiency of the individual is not necessarily an evil, it must be toned and balanced by reliability of purpose and stamina of character. The reliable man who measures up to the full stature of society's needs and demands must also be adaptable to adjust himself to the great, complex changes continually going on in every phase of the world's work. In this complex situation must be found the aim and function of the school, the solution of its problem.

"As the twig is bent"

Childhood is the formative period for the physical, the intellectual, the spiritual stature of maturity. In this impressionable age is laid the foundation, is planted the seed of fine emotions, tender feelings, high ideals that are to determine future being and becoming. In the unfolding tendencies, feelings and emotions, the soul-growth records itself. The function of the best literature is to stimulate this soul-growth and "to make the best that has ever been thought in the world the portion of every one born into the world." Its function is to lift the reader from the contemplation of material needs and advantages to the contemplation of the needs of the spirit in its hunger and thirst for righteousness. Its function is to bring to each individual the

priceless treasures of the ages in terms of the spiritual environment, and, through it, to enable each individual to rise to higher and still more high ideals and aspirations of spirit. This is the law of life—of being and becoming. Ever the old ideals are realized, ever the newer and higher ideals take their place, ever the individual and the race strive to realize their best ideals through growth, through education. In the inability to set up and to aspire toward an ideal is recorded the death of the soul.

The modern tendency in school work to foster the essentially practical studies, particularly science, manual training and similar lines of work which lead toward the trades and industries, to the almost utter neglect of the study of literature in the elementary school, is due to a desire to secure a proper and adequate adjustment of the individual to his environment, and to prepare him for efficient service in the life which he is to live. It is a belief and a desire born of honest but mistaken convictions as to what constitutes an environment and as to what is the full measure of success. The error lies in the assumption that the environment is essentially material; that the needs of the market and the loom are the be-all and the end-all of social and industrial life. A one-sided policy and a hypermyopic vision have led some schools and schoolmen to overlook the fact that the prime requisites in all the affairs of life, social, industrial, economic, are reliability, adaptability, efficiency, in the order named. Our penitentiaries are eloquent witnesses to the social

inefficiency of the merely skillful man. For reliability the school must secure adjustment to the spiritual environment and anchor the individual to the fundamental ethical and moral laws of social relationship. To secure adaptability the period of infancy must be prolonged through versatility of requirement and the deferring of specialization. In the many-sided experiences afforded by the full, rich course, the maturing individual will find his scope and his limitations. He will find "new dynamos" in himself and will tend to make his own adjustment to his inclinations, tendencies, powers and possibilities.

That there must be a harmonious development of the individual in the process of becoming has been a trite saying of educators for several decades. They have contended also that the school is an institution for bringing together the being to be developed and the means for that development and for harmonizing them effectively and economically. Pedagogues of a later vintage scoff at the idea of a harmonious development. Shortsightedly, they fail to distinguish between presenting conditions for the development of body, intellect and spirit, and presenting conditions for an equal development of every power and sense, of tendency and possibility. This latter is a man of straw, and when he has been disposed of nothing has really been accomplished, because the most ardent advocate of the harmonious theory would say that that point of view was wholly foreign to the theory and spirit of harmonious development.

The saner thought of the twentieth century will see that the factors which have produced the present development of man and the race still survive, and will continue to be potent factors in the development of the individual along similar lines. It will realize also that the twentieth century child, the culmination of the past, the prophecy of the future, must not be sacrificed to the gods of the mart, the expediency of business, the convenience of the counting-chamber. In these days of clamorous appeal for industrial training, for technical schools, for turning back the shoemaker, the seamstress, as the finished product, rather than the manly man, the womanly woman, the teacher must hearken back to the experiences of the past, note the various factors which have fostered present standards and ideals, and note also the factors which have hindered or rendered ineffective the realization of best modern ideals. She must conscientiously weigh their merit and justify their retention or rejection. She must determine carefully whether the present tendency to short-cut to the dollar is the natural outgrowth of American ideals, of a rational democracy, or of an imperialistic idea imported from abroad with the halt, the sick, the blind which constitute the slum problem of our city life. She must determine whether the harmonious theory of development which aims to produce a man is of more vital concern than the desired technical training which aims to produce a skilled artisan as an element in a great productive machine. She must de-

termine whether the efficiency or the reliability of the modern worker is at fault. If she believes with the modern sociologist that the successful man is the adaptable man, she will take thought to determine whether the function of the school is to hasten or to retard the time of specialization. She will submit the assumption of the superiority of the European trained workman to tests of actually demonstrated facts. She will seek to ascertain whether the European or the American artisan is the adaptable man, and whether our system of education makes for the adaptable man by prolonging the period of development and retarding the time of specialization.

When our school and our school courses are subjected to scientific tests, we have faith to believe that much that is useless will be eliminated; that ancient customs, traditions, even "the wisdom of our ancestors," will be overcome; that more and better means and facilities for the development of mind and body through the vigorous use of brain and muscle will be devised; but side by side with the means for the development and growth of intellect and physique, literature, rightly taught as a great spiritual influence, will find an abiding place also. The school of the future will be shot through and through with the idea: "First render fit to live and then assure a fit living."

CHAPTER I

LITERATURE—ITS SCOPE AND PURPOSE

THAT man cannot live by bread alone is an ancient feeling of the human heart. Since the first dawn of consciousness man has realized the span and tension between what he is and what he may be and ought to be. In the contemplation of his infinite possibilities he has realized the meagerness of the accomplished fact. In the song of bard, in the story of romancer, in the prophecy of priest, man has sought to point the way from the actual to the possible.

Under the divine inspiration of what he might be, man has threaded his way upward across the centuries. He has harmonized seemingly antagonistic forces. He has redeemed wildernesses. He has, through the energy of hand and brain, increased the productivity of nature an hundredfold. He has wrested from the secret places of nature the useful minerals and the precious gems. He has dispelled the mystery of oceans. He has discovered natural laws. He has invented labor-saving contrivances. He has reared and adorned palaces. He has solved the fundamental life problems of food, clothing and shelter in his rise from the simple, crude and earthy

to the most complex, artistic and æsthetic. Through it all and in the midst of it all man realized that food, clothing and shelter do not make up the sum total of the thing called life. So he dedicated his temples, formulated his ceremonies, gave himself up to the contemplation of his ideal. He grew dimly conscious of the fact that he had realized in but a meager way his ideals of the city not built with hands; had approached in a small measure only his conception of life beatific. He could not articulate, but however dimly, he inwardly saw and felt the mighty fact voiced by the modern poet:

“And so this glimmering life at last recedes
In unknown endless depths beyond recall.”

In the sweat of his brow man found the way and the means for physical development. In the reaction on and mastering of his physical environment he gave rise to his mental development. In the contemplation of an ideal life, of ideal relations, of an ultimate destiny, he provided for, gave expression to, spiritual growth and spiritual development. In these articulated hopes and aspirations, in these contemplations and ideals, is the genius of all that is worthy and vital in literature. And what is literature, its aim, its scope, its purpose?

Professor Clark says:

“Let us admit for the sake of argument that literature is the language of emotion and imagery with little or no appeal to the intellect. It is still worthy of study for the real pleasure and enjoyment that may be had from it.”

Charles Eliot Norton says:

"Change as the world may with the rise and fall of nations, change as man may in knowledge, belief and manners, human nature remains unaltered in its elements, unchanged from age to age, and it is with human nature in its various guises that great poets deal. To acquire a love for the best poetry and a just understanding of it is the chief end in the study of literature. It is by means of poetry that the imagination is quickened, nurtured and invigorated, and it is through the exercise of his imagination that man can live a life that is in a true sense really worth living. It is his imagination that lifts him from the petty, transient, and physical interests which engross the greater part of his time and thought in self-regarding pursuits, to the large, permanent and spiritual interests which ennoble his nature and transform him from a solitary individual to a member of the brotherhood of the human race."

Emerson says:

"It is in the grandest strokes of the poet that we feel most at home. All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy who reads in the corner feels to be true of himself."

Carlyle says:

"The true poet, the man in whose heart remains some effluence of divine wisdom, some tone of the eternal melodies, is the most precious gift that can be bestowed upon a generation. He sees men more clearly than they see themselves and reveals to them their own dim ideals."

Matthew Arnold says:

"The grand work of a literary genius consists in the faculty of being inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas,—and of dealing divinely with these ideas."

Professor Woodberry says:

"Literature is the mind of all the race and the language of all the world."

These are a few of the many attempts that have been made to reduce literature to a definition and to intimate some of its functions.

If the first statement were accepted literally, not as the author meant it, it would be admitting that the products of the lower centers were the most enduring of man's creations. In scanning the pages of history closely, one has seen readily enough that systems of government have been organized that seemed as enduring as the ages; religions have been formulated with the apparent sanction and approval of divinity, and temples of worship have been reared that seemed as firm-set as the pyramids; systems of social and industrial life which seemed absolutely indispensable have sprung into being: all these apparently included the totality of man's life for all time, while the expression of his spiritual hunger, its longings and its hopes, was merely a side issue. Yet these governments now live only in story; these religions and temples of worship have been reduced to a memory; every phase and form of social and industrial life have yielded to the change-compelling wave of progress. But the great spiritual expressions embodied in the literature of the people still live with all of their original significance and meaning. The literature of the people, voicing the hopes and aspirations of the past, en-

dures from age to age voicing the hopes and aspirations of an ever-expanding present. It flows into the present from the past, points the future, and embodies the immortal life-essence of the spiritual in man. Literature is the language of the human spirit in its moments of great exaltation. It does not depend upon the conventions of language, for all that the bards of old have sung (in Sanskrit or Hebrew, in Greek or Latin, or any other combinations of characters to represent through sound human feelings and emotions) finds ready response in the heart of the modern reader. This is profoundly true whether their songs were originally sung amid the solitudes of the mountains, in fertile valleys, amid the pomp of royal courts or the splendor of ancient cities. These songs are still full of life and meaning, whether dealing with gods and men on the fields of Troy, picturing the self-sacrifice of an Alcestis, or the devotion of an Antigone to a higher law, or portraying the agony of soul of a Prometheus or a Siegfried.

If the abiding thing from age to age is the great literature of a people, surely it must be something more than the mere expression of the emotion and imagination. May it not more properly be defined as the product of the intellect working, under the stimulus of emotion and imagination, on spiritual things to produce spiritual results, just as the achievements of science and industrial life are the products of the intellect working, under the stimulus of the emotion and the imagination, on material

things, to produce material results? Every achievement or creation of the human race was first an idea in one man's mind and the construction was that idea externalized, that idea shaped, defined and expressed.

FUNCTION OF IMAGINATION

Who can conceive of any worthy work done in the world in which the emotion and the imagination have not played a vital part? What must have been the emotion and imagination of Michael Angelo as he saw the form of his mighty Moses embedded in the unyielding stone, and what his emotion as he saw his idea materializing through conscious effort! What his emotion and imagination as he flung his time-enduring pictures on the dome of the great Italian cathedral! What must have been the mighty emotion and imagination of Columbus as he contemplated his western route and, as he thought, carried his contemplation to reality! Who can overdraw the masterful emotion and imagination of Galileo as he projected his vision to the infinite depths and through his great invention discovered the laws of motion! What vast emotion and imagination must have sustained Edison through his hours of vigil and labor as he forged the lightning's chains to make it subservient to man's daily needs! What an emotion and imagination must have been required to sustain Charles Darwin as he devoted years of study to account for the origin of species! Who can follow the emotion and imagination of Marconi in

their daring flights as they contemplated enlisting the very atmosphere in the service of mankind as a message-bearer! What must have been the clear-visioned emotion and imagination of Socrates as he endeavored to strike the shackles from the minds of Athenian youths, and as he quaffed the hemlock in defense of an idea! What must have been the inspring emotion and imagination of Savonarola who impassionately proclaimed that, if created in the image and likeness of his Maker, man must indeed be Godlike, and who surrendered his life protesting that practice and precept must form the divine equation! And what the divine emotion and imagination of the lowly Man of Nazareth as he scourged the money-changers from the temple, as he taught the multitude from the mountain-tops, as he unflinchingly faced his final problem in the Garden of Gethsemane, and as he sent his message of mercy ringing down the ages in "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

The intellect rises to its highest in every phase and form of human activity when impelled by a powerful emotion, aided by a quickened imagination and directed by an educated will. Surely the highest flights of the intellect are in the contemplation of the things of the spirit!

FUNCTION OF LITERATURE

Literature selects incidents, types, scenes, in nature and human life, and idealizes them. It lifts them out of the walls and limitations of particular

time and particular place and makes them harmonize with, and possess, all time and all place. The Promethean faith in man is no worn-out screed. The devotion of an Alcestis or an Antigone is not peculiar to Athenian life of ancient days. The moral grandeur of a Paradise did not pass away with the astronomical conception on which it was based. The soul-struggle of Saul was not peculiar to the Judean ruler, did not necessarily take its rise from the particular Hebraic environs. The courage, the heroism, the devotion to ideals, the struggles, the triumphs, the defeats, the symphonies and the tragedies of human life record the life spiritual, typify individual experiences, tendencies, hopes and aspirations. Through the splendor of the large, the heroic, the sublime, the universal, shines the glory of the commonplace.

Literature is at once a record and an interpretation of worthy life. In the individual and particular worth it perceives the embodiment of common hopes, aspirations, and possibilities. Through it runs the inspiration and the justification of moral clash and struggle, and in the ultimate triumph of the ideal is recorded the distinction between the transitory and the eternal. Literature thus becomes the guide and inspiration in times of stress and strain, a comforter in affliction, a balancing power in times of triumph and victory.

Literature has a higher scope or function which has been stated thus:

“To the human, intellectual and moral resources of the soul

are added the sustaining power of divine grace, the illuminating power of divine truth, the transforming power of divine love. So a poem becomes the very image of life expressed in eternal truth."

With like idea Shelley says:

"Indeed, what were our consolation on this side of the grave and our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not soar?"

And Perry:

"In literature human expression reaches its most exalted state, excepting only religion itself, wherein God is both seen and served."

CHAPTER II

SPIRITUAL ENVIRONMENT

THE spiritual environment to which adequate adjustment must be made has been rendered tangible and accessible through the accumulated treasures of the ages in the mighty contributions of story-tellers and songsters, of bards and romancers, of poets, prophets, seers. The songs the Aryan mothers sang still soothe to slumber. The stories of heroic deeds of valor still cause the pulse to leap, the eye to flash, the will to do and dare. The sacrifice of self for the larger good still incites to emulation. The prophecy of the dawn of better things still finds its responsive echo. The enunciated truths of the great fundamental moral laws still sweep and sway the emotions.

“But,” says your stickler for the practical, “myths, fairy tales, legends, etc., are mere products of the fancy. They have no foundation in fact. Shall we teach falsehoods? Children are only too prone to falsify without training and encouragement.”

The answer to such a question must be found in the stories themselves. In the analysis of their essential nature must be revealed their depths of reality or unreality, of truth or falsehood. In the story

of Cinderella the essential truth is that unselfishness ultimately overcomes selfishness. In another type, beauty and purity overcome the beastly. In other types, truth overcomes error; fidelity overcomes faithlessness; integrity overcomes perfidy; right overcomes wrong; the purity of an Elaine overcomes the licentiousness of a Guinevere even though she wear the crown and purple robes of a queen. These great stories and poems testify that out of his struggles, limitations and temptations man rose from earthly and material hopes to the larger hope that ultimately right, justice, purity and truth must prevail.

The purpose of studying these great literatures is to preserve and sustain the hope, the thought, the faith, that in the long, long purposes and processes of time, truth must prevail and right, not wrong, must dominate the universe. If this be untrue, if truth and right shall not prevail in the long run, then the dominant influence in shaping ultimate events is born of evil—the devil—and not of good—of God—an unthinkable proposition.

MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE—TYPES DEFINED

In the elementary school the work in literature should begin with the nursery rhymes and jingles of the home and move through the best myths, fairy tales, legends and hero tales. These stories should be of the motor, dynamic type; should embody ideals worthy of emulation; should contain basic princi-

ples of ethics, morals, religion. Each type of story has its own significance.

Colonel Parker well defined the myth as the imperfect answer which nature gives to the childish soul of man. Man saw the sun circle in majesty through the infinite blue depths, never varying the time of its ceaseless round, and he asked: "What art thou?" "Whence cometh thy motion?" And the myths and legends of Phœbus Apollo, of Jason and the Golden Fleece, are the imperfect answers, the childish explanation. The iceberg on the mountain top, pierced by the fierce rays of the relentless sun, exclaimed: "Write my epitaph!" And the response came in the story of Niobe and her godlike lover. In the northern fastnesses the eternal clash between light and darkness embodied itself in, gave being and personality to, Odin and Thor, Loki and Siegfried. These myths, of whatever land or clime or people, are the attempts of the childish soul to explain and classify the things pertaining to its environment. The answer or explanation or classification is always in direct ratio to the experiences which the investigator has to invest, and the highest flights of the most rigid scientist are nothing more.

The legends and fairy tales at their best merely bear witness to the truth already expressed, that selfishness must yield to unselfishness; ugliness to beauty; evil to good; falsehood to truth; hate to love. They emphasize sharply the difference between the low, the mean, the petty, the transient,

and the high, the noble, the worthy, the permanent. They build into the mind and heart and character of those who daily associate with them, right motives, a discriminating choice, and a permanence of high ideals.

The hero tales appeal to children at an age when they are not yet conscious of their own limitations. They are then interested in action, things doing on a big scale. Nothing seems impossible to them—nothing impossible to their heroes. Now Hercules may perform his great labors; now Jason may search for the golden fleece; now Paris and Achilles may perform deeds of heroic valor on the fields of Troy; and now Roland and Oliver may astound the world with their feats at arms. The far-reaching ideals of hero worship at this age may be easily fostered and encouraged, as they should be, for hero worship, at its best, is but the expression of humanity's belief in an ideal. Shall we dare to teach children that all the legendary heroes who wrought mightily for the welfare of humanity are but figments of the brain, creations of the fancy, having no foundation in fact, and shall we then exhort them to have belief and trust in the ethical reformers of our own day? Shall we teach children that all these sacrifices of self, all this devotion to duty, all this purity of life and purpose, are not true, and then ask them to accept the deeds and worth of the sweet-souled, gentle-natured Man of Nazareth with his ideals, his lofty purpose, his heroic devotion to duty, as the very essence of faith and religion?

Shall we sow the seeds of skepticism and pessimism and doubt and unbelief and still fondly believe that hope and faith in the larger life will be the bud and blossom of our teaching? Some day the institution called the school will realize that it is the only institution that consciously and purposefully plans to furnish the means and manner of the development of each individual who commits himself to its care, and that it must explain him to himself and to the society which made the institution possible.

The hero tales of romance may be succeeded by the romance of history, the legendary heroes by the heroes of flesh and blood, for history is but the wonderful story of man as he has struggled Godward across the centuries. The study of these heroes of history should not degenerate into the minute, detailed analysis of individual lives. It should rather be the study of real men as the expression of social forces, and of social forces shaped and fashioned by individual men. The tendency of many teachers in dealing with biography to be painfully precise and accurate and superficially truthful by going into all the petty incidents of life, teaching its accidents as well as its purposes, the shortcomings and defects as well as its great ideals and accomplishments, has been well taken to task by Charles Dudley Warner, who says: "I should feel myself a criminal if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar or to dash with any skepticism his longing and his hope." Let us have faith to believe that Peter's worshiping from afar was not the full meas-

ure of the man; that Washington's outbursts of uncontrollable temper were not indicative of his motives and ideals; that Webster was great in spite of the fact that he looked upon the wine when it was red within the cup. Let us have faith to believe that the man at his best is revelatory of the man. As Paracelsus exclaims:

"If you would remember me aright
As I was born to be, you must forget
All fitful, strange and moody waywardness,
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell
Only on moments such as these, dear friends!
My heart no truer but my word and ways more true to it."

Through the study of man and his ideals we may come to realize that in order to know any man, it is not only necessary to know what he is, but it is also necessary to know what he is capable of becoming.

The study of ideals in the elementary school may reach its highest in the study of the warfare between the senses and the spirit as typified in the Idylls of the King; the highest reach of doing and contemplation may be realized in the study of the ideals of the Age of Chivalry, and in the majestic problems of spiritual life embodied in the Scriptures.

In the selection of literature for any grade much more must be taken into consideration than the simplicity of thought and language as both appear on the surface. What a travesty on teaching literature it is to have little tots six and seven years old memorize a poem like Tennyson's "Flower in the Cran-

nied Wall'' because it is short, the words simple, and forsooth wee folks should know something of Tennyson! This seemingly simple poem embodies the whole philosophy and mystery of life and confronts the mature intellect of the trained scientist with the littleness of his lore, the limitations of his knowledge.

To appreciate a piece of literature thoroughly the reader must experience in a degree at least the ethical and emotional stimulus under which and out of which it was written. That is, whether a selection is simple or complex depends upon the emotional and ethical experiences which have swayed the reader and which he has summed up to invest in the selection to be studied. The error in selecting lies in assuming that the simple in form is necessarily simple to the child though far removed in time and thought from his experiences, instead of believing that the known and necessary are simple, however complex apparently, and that the far-off, the unknown are complex to the reader, however simple in word and form. Hence a simple poem of Tennyson's may present more real difficulties than a comedy or a tragedy of Shakspeare's. The child through his experiences will read meaning into the form, and the elevated content; sustained thought and artistic form will reënforce and reintensify his experiences, will define them more clearly to him and will enable him to project himself forward more advantageously and intelligently in the realizing of himself. To illustrate: to sing Cardinal Newman's sublime

hymn at its best, the interpreter must be familiar with the circumstances under which and out of which it was written and must himself have experienced the struggle born of grief and illness and doubt. He must see Cardinal Newman, worn in body and fatigued in mind, as he wends his way homeward from the Orient, the Holy Land, whither he had gone hoping to settle the grief and doubt which perplexed and tortured him. He must see that emaciated form lying helplessly on a cot on the deck of a vessel on the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. He must feel the darkness of despair settling down on the mind as the darkness of the night enfolds the ship at sea. And as that great soul looked out through the mists of religious doubt and the mists of the enfolding night, the singer must see with him the inspiring ray of the fixed and constant star. Then he too may sing with all of its original significance and meaning:

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one glimpse enough for me.”

CHAPTER III

LITERATURE AND THE READING PROBLEM

To discuss literature as a means in reading, it is necessary to present a point of view in reading; to define reading; to state its function and processes. The relation of reading to the work of the school and the essence of the reading problem must be differentiated sharply from the mastery of the mechanics of form which is essentially the problem of language and spelling. The inability to recognize this distinction is all too prevalent and in a large measure accounts for the fact that reading has degenerated almost universally into a mastery of forms, a mere pronouncing of words, with little or no regard for the content of the idea which gave birth and being to the form.

Reading is imaging. It is a process of mentally picturing the scene, event, thing, which lies back of the words. It is the ability to see things not present to the sense. Out of man's joys and sorrows, out of his toils and recreations, out of his struggles, defeats, triumphs, out of the sum total of his experiences were born his ideas. And out of his yearnings to communicate these ideas to his fellow-man was formulated his language, the sign and symbol of his ideas. The idea in the mind, shaped and defined, ex-

ternalized and embodied itself in the sign-word. The function of the word lay not in its harmony of sweet sound, in its phonics or diacritics, but in its ability to convey the idea which gave it being and significance. The reading problem is found in this genesis of language. The end lies not in the ability to recognize word forms nor in dexterity in mastering these forms through sound relations, but it does lie in the ability to sense the idea which gave birth, being and significance to the words. The only false association is the association of sound relations and diacritics as an end or even as a dominant means to an end. This association takes the mind from content to form and makes the latter instead of the former the dominant idea in the reading process. It is a lamentable assumption that the mastery of the word form, as such, is in any sense a fundamental in the reading problem. The only true association is the association of form with idea. The only rational assumption is that the mastery of ideas is the end in reading.

Reading is thinking. It consists not only in imagining the idea which lies back of the word, but of thinking these ideas in relation—in unity. Thoughts are not made up of isolated ideas but of the combined result of ideas in relation. In reading, the mind must concentrate itself in thinking the ideas. The form in which the ideas embody themselves must be subordinated to this end. The form must serve as a means to convey the thought—must not usurp the place and prerogative of thought.

Reading is interpreting. This is true whether the thing interpreted is a landscape, an experiment in the physical or chemical laboratory, a sculptured form, a tintured canvas, or a printed page. It is the thought process by means of which the mind becomes conscious of the larger idea within which the lesser ideas find place and meaning. It is the means by which the mind becomes conscious of the theme or purpose of the selection. In its larger sense reading is the process by virtue of which the mind interprets, explains and classifies the varied phenomena which occasion the life of thought. From this standpoint the school problem is the reading problem. This reading problem is the thought problem with its converse, the language problem. It was some such conception which caused the late Dr. Harper to exclaim: "The most the university can aspire to do is to teach a student how to interpret a page correctly."

The following observation may serve to illustrate this point. On a field excursion a large boulder is found in a glaciated valley. It seems hard, compact, impenetrable. A hole perfectly round and nearly a foot in depth is discerned in its side. The sides of the hole show symmetrical borings. This is the evidence of the senses. Then through imagery and thought the mind reconstructs the great glacial movement which penetrated to and constructed this valley. This glacier approaches its limits. It holds this rock firmly in its icy grasp. Wedged firmly against it is a smaller rock of harder substance.

Now the forward movement of the glacier is retarded and the forces of disintegration hold sway. The melting snow and ice turn and twist the smaller rock which seeks to anchor itself in the boulder which we now contemplate. In the turning and twisting and grinding it records its movement, its own tenacity, and, perhaps, something of its own composition and structure. It bears silent but eloquent witness to the forces which act upon it. A sudden melting, a slide from the disintegrating glacier and the smaller rock is dislodged from its moorings perhaps to lie buried in the terminal moraine. The hole remains a witness to its being and activity, its structure and individuality. Thus the mind seeks to explain to its own satisfaction, at least, the phenomena with which it comes in contact. So with a piece of great literature: the mind seeks to get back of the book to the idea, the theme, the purpose which gave it formal being and tangible worth.

Reading is feeling. Surely it was an emotional longing which impelled man to communicate his thoughts to his fellow-man, and surely it was an emotional response which made the sign and symbol of the one intelligible to the other. How the emotion and imagination are stirred by the story of the rocks! What changes and processes through an eternity of time they have undergone! How infinite the design wrought out in such heroic proportions!

To teach reading, then, is to stir the emotions and the imagination, to quicken the thought and the

understanding, to arouse the feelings and to unify them in harmony with the thought processes of the writer.

As just indicated, reading in its largest sense compasses the whole gamut of school work, but as popularly used, it limits itself to the interpretation of the written or printed form. Treated solely from this standpoint of mastering word forms and relations and interpreting the thought which they contain, its importance as a school subject, indeed as the central school subject, is at once apparent. The ability to master any subject depends primarily upon the ability to read, that is, to interpret the given conditions and principles which give being and individuality to that subject. The deplorable lack of ability to study in an intelligent, economical manner is proof sufficient that the aim in reading has been, and is, the ability to master word forms, the end the ability to pronounce these words correctly at sight. This glaring perversion of function must needs lead to a closer study of the teaching problem.

The twofold aspect of form and content has been the stumbling-block in the teacher's path to progress in reading. The tendency always has been to devote time and energy to the one aspect or the other, instead of recognizing the dual aspect and adjusting the methods accordingly. In other words, the reading idea, the mastery and interpretation of thought, has been confused and blended with, or subordinated to, the language or form idea, or the

legitimate demands of form have been slighted or ignored and its mastery left to accident, chance or caprice. The one method led to a fairly intelligent ability to interpret thought when word forms were supplied, but left the learner lame and blind so far as a mastery of word forms was concerned. The other method, the one more universally in vogue, led to a glibness and dexterity in mastering word forms and facility in pronouncing these words readily at sight, with an almost utter indifference as to the content, and a lamentable inability to make a proper application of the reading to the other studies of the school. Is it assuming too much to say that many an otherwise intelligent teacher is sadly handicapped by her own training and habit in this mode of reading and that her inability to interpret a piece of literature, that is, to *read* it, is the rule and not the exception?

If reading is to be a vital, living force in the schoolroom, if it is to be the means by which learning is to be effected, the means by which every phase and form of school work is to be accomplished, the method must purposefully and consciously shape itself to provide for a mastery of both form and content. It must take cognizance of the inseparable unity of this form and content. It must realize that the thought is reached through the form in which it shapes and defines itself and through which it gives itself being and personality. The method must enable the learner to recognize and master word forms, to be keenly sensitive to the content of idea

that lies back of the form. It must enable him to sense the new idea which arises from combining these words in sentence relation. These different phases of the reading problem are not to be divorced, but are to be taught as they find themselves in the reading problem, in relation and unity.

This twofold phase of the reading problem must be the determinant of all methods for dealing with the subject. In the earlier grades the stress is on the mastery of word forms unknown to the eye, through the known content. It is little short of a social crime to impose upon the most helpless class the task of mastering unknown form the content of which is also unknown. It is the task of mastering two unknown quantities, form and content, a task imposed nowhere else in the whole round of school life.

In the succeeding grades the emphasis is on the mastery of unknown content through the known form. It must be borne in mind, however, that this method merely indicates the placing of the emphasis. There is never a time when the one aspect of the reading problem is dealt with to the exclusion of the other. The movement in either case is in accord with the time-honored pedagogical maxim of moving to the unknown from the known by means of the known. The only difference, to repeat, is in the placing of the emphasis according to the needs of the learner. There should never be the idea of inclusion or exclusion. It is therefore essentially necessary for every teacher to study her children, to

note carefully what they have done and are capable of doing. She should know where the children are, what capital they have to invest, and how that capital can be invested most economically and advantageously.

A grave defect growing out of a lack of appreciation for, or an indifference to, the coordinate demands of form and content, is the prevalence of poor expression in the oral reading. In order to deal with this defect intelligently it is necessary to note its cause. As already hinted, this weakness is due either to a mere calling of word forms through sound relations, without an adequate regard for or conception of their function in expressing ideas through group relations, or it is due to a consciousness of the functional idea but a lamentable lack of mastery of word forms through which the function is performed. Generally speaking, poor expression is the direct and inevitable result of poor thinking, of indefinite and imperfect comprehension of thought. It is the direct result of poor teaching which fails to make conditions for stimulating and defining thought and for the adequate expression of the thought stimulated.

Plainly, then, the teacher's duty in oral reading is to make conditions for the clear conception of the thought, for a clear association of that thought with the form in which it is shaped and fashioned and expressed, and to stimulate the emotion and feeling necessary for its proper oral expression. These ideas should be perceived clearly, not merely as in-

dividual, isolated ideas, but as ideas in group relation, ideas as parts of an organic whole.

Good oral reading involves the ability to grasp ideas in group relation and through proper vocalization to convey them to the hearer. It depends upon the clear comprehension of the thought embodied in the selection and on the vividness of imagination, and intensity of emotion, which these ideas cause. The ability to express will develop in proportion to the clearness and intensity of the conditions which the teacher presents for stirring the emotions and imagination, inciting the judgment and reason and impelling the will to action. Teachers should be firm in the faith that all a teacher can do in the process is to present conditions for determining action. The child grows through guided doing. Imitation may be a legitimate starting-place, but it is the lowest plane of self-expression. The mother knows that carrying the babe or lifting him over the bumps develops no muscle, gives rise to no coördination of mind and muscle, does not beget self-direction, self-reliance and self-assurance. The teacher should know that the mental effort of the teacher presented for imitation may develop a parrot-like response which may sometimes pass for things accomplished to the uninitiated, but only through his own mental activity, through purposed and directed channels will the child attain self-control shown in the concentration of self on the problem at hand; self-direction, the ability to muster previous experiences and to apply them to the solu-

tion of the task; self-assurance, the sublime belief in his ability to meet the tasks and problems of his own life without the aid of physical, mental or spiritual crutches. Placing undue stress upon errors, grammatical constructions and inflections, *per se*, will do little to secure cogent thinking and adequate, fluent, flexible expression.

In order to cause clear and concise thinking with economy of time and effort, the teacher must have clearly defined ideas as to what she is to accomplish in any given lesson and also of the manner in which it is to be accomplished. She must keep before her mind the universal truth struck off by Jones: "The fact in the thing and the law in the mind, determine the method."

Not only must she think the thought of the reading lesson, but she must think the manner in which the normal mind thinks the thought and the various steps by means of which it comes to possess the thought and to be possessed by the thought. She must think the conditions which she will present to cause the mind to move through these steps or stages in the developing process until it becomes possessed of and is possessed by the thought. In a word, she must prepare her reading lessons. She must think the form presented to the learning mind in such manner as will cause the mind to move through the form to the ideas which lie back of it and to organize these into the theme or purpose.

As has been stated, the quality of the expression is determined by the intensity of emotion, vividness

of imagination, conciseness of thought and activity of will, and these are determined by the manner in which the teacher presents the subject-matter to the learning mind. All this implies careful, systematic, intelligent planning and preparation of each lesson. It may be inferred, readily enough, that becoming familiar with the thought of the selection to be read is not adequate preparation for teaching a class to read the selection. In fact, the real preparation begins after the thought or idea of the selection has been mastered. The real preparation consists in devising ways and means for bringing the facts in the selection and the mind of the learner into harmony and unity with economy of time and intensity of effort. This in accordance with the law of the mind and the manner of its growth. To know the fact is to possess the tool; to present conditions whereby another mind may come to possess the fact is to possess the art of teaching. Without such preparation, enthusiasm and intelligent direction will be lacking, and with these lacking, the reading lesson will fail to perform its function, will fail to realize its own best possibilities.

The reading lesson should teach children how to study, how to group ideas, how to find the thread of purpose in any lesson, the thread which gives unity of meaning to the diversity of detail which makes up the subject. It should inspire children with a love for knowing and a desire to gratify that desire through independent doing. It should inspire children with worthy motives, honorable ambitions,

high ideals and a dynamic desire to realize them. The reading period should be the period for fine living, elevated thinking, a period for toning and dignifying the whole work of the school. It should be the period in which the large, the permanent, the spiritual forces hold sway, and in which the character and stability of each pupil in the unfolding process are shaped and determined. It should be the period in which coming manhood casts its shadow before.

In teaching reading the teacher must keep in mind the fact that education is a process of self-realization, that it is a process of individualizing the social inheritance, the accumulated experience and wisdom of the ages. At every step in the process the child is becoming whatever has been set up as the end to be realized in his development. Teaching in its best estate is making conditions which insure the systematic and effective movement of the learning mind from point to point and from growth to growth. Through the movement in reading there is a four-fold purpose which the teacher must keep in mind purposefully and conscientiously.

(1) *The development of the mind.* The teacher presents the selection to be studied and guides the mind of the learner through the selection as it resolves itself into images, word pictures, figures of speech and whatever else of detail makes up the selection as a whole. Then through comparison, inference, judgment and reason, conditions are made for determining the thread of purpose, the great

central, universal truth which the selection embodies.

(2) *Oral expression.* When the learner has realized the thought and form through guided effort, the verbal expression, he should enhance and intensify the thought through adequate oral expression. As a work of art there must be unity of form and content, and when the child has set the thought in the artistic form given to it by the author, and has given intelligent and adequate expression to it, he has intensified his own thought, dignified his own form. This sharp association of thought and form is one of the most vital factors in the language-reading problem.

(3) *The result of the study.* In all selections of worthy literature the result which the learner has been guided in securing must find an abiding place in his own spirit. He must be brought into harmony, unity, identity, with the spirit-thought and its expression must be self-revelatory. It must be *self-expression* in the best sense of the term.

(4) *Self-mastery.* Whatever the teacher has in the way of freedom—whatever she has in the way of power to realize herself and to express herself unaided in the study and appreciation of any selection—that freedom, that power is the right of every child, and his energies must be systematically, intelligently, and persistently guided in that direction. The beginning of the making of conditions for the child's activity and growth must also be the beginning of his making conditions for his own activity

and growth, his being and becoming. Not until he can determine his own growth and movement, self-directed and self-aided, can he be said to be educated. This self-direction is the desired end. Every step in the educative process is a means to its attainment and fulfillment.

Reading affords splendid opportunities for testing this power. In selections of types similar to those studied under the guidance of the teacher the test may be made of the ability to invest acquired capital in the unaided interpretation and expression of similar selections. The power and possibilities of the learner must determine the depth of analysis and the fitness of expression, not the mature interpretation of the teacher. In similar selections the teacher may guide the growing mind to a fuller sense of its own powers and possibilities and lead to a deeper significance given to its own doing and a keener appreciation of the thought and form subject to its study.

CHAPTER IV

METHODS IN LITERATURE

To approach the study of literature in particular *it is necessary* first to discuss the teaching process in general, its aims and purposes. The "fate of the man child" has engaged the philosophic thought for many ages, and the modern school is society's latest attempt to solve the problem in a large and general way. The inspiration of the teacher's work is the fact that under her skill, guidance and direction the child tends to become what ever she purposes he shall be, if she will but gain insight into his nature and build from within. This development along purposed lines is the essence of teaching, the highest aim and purpose of the school.

Occasionally lecturers, to tickle the popular fancy, advance the thought that teachers are not positive factors in molding and shaping the destinies of society and the nation. Such lecturers handle vaguely the terms "imitation" and "suggestion," and have a confused meaning for "the mob mind." Their position may be the correct one, yet when we reflect that the teachers in the public schools of this country number more than half a million, that the children between the ages of five and eighteen who attend school number more than twenty-two millions, that

the annual expenditures on the public schools amount to more than two hundred fifty million dollars, we are forced to ask ourselves whether this army of teachers is employed, this vast expenditure made, whether this tremendous amount of energy is expended for the individual comfort, convenience or advancement of any individual teacher or pupil. We must also ask ourselves whether it is possible for this great body of teachers to work with and upon such a large percentage of the entire population, during the impressionable age of childhood, and yet have no influence in shaping the future society which these pupils are to form and in transforming the society which they now do form. Is it reasonable to assume that this money is expended, that these teachers are employed, that these children are accommodated by those who now constitute the state in order that the accumulated treasures of the ages may be preserved and the ideals of the race finally be realized? It is true that the school reflects the ideals of society. It is also true that the school in no small way shapes and modifies the conscious ideals of society. In a more fundamental way the teacher shapes the future because one function of the school is to cause the individual student to set up and to aspire toward worthy ideals, and in the aggregate of individual ideals the social ideal is formed. The social ideal can only be concreted in the ideal of the individual.

Schools exist because the children of men are distinctive among the products of creative energy.

They are unique because they can set up and consciously and purposefully aspire toward a definite end or ideal. At every step of the educative process the child is becoming whatever has been set up as the end. Whatever the teacher has in the way of freedom—whatever she has in the way of power to realize herself—is the child's right, and toward this freedom his energies must be directed constantly, toward it he must constantly aspire. The greatest thing a teacher can do for a child is to inspire him with a love for worthy ideals and a desire and a determination to realize them.

Luther Burbank, in the quiet seclusion of his study, conceives an ideal rose, then in the garden of his conscious and purposeful labor, through his understanding of the laws of plant life—through his insight into the life factors of soil, warmth, moisture and light in a delicately tinted creation—he realizes his ideal. This is an accomplished fact in the plant world. May it be assuming too much to believe that the teacher, working on soul material that admits of more infinite possibilities than the material of the plant world, in her hour of meditation in the quiet seclusion of her study, may conceive of a worthy ideal for the pupils under her care and guidance, and, through her understanding of the facts and forces of spiritual development—through her understanding of the factors of soil, moisture, warmth and light—the factors of material and spiritual life and growth—may, through conscious effort realize her ideal in the manly man, the womanly

woman, the most practical product of the most practical school? Surely the possibility is inspiring and alluring! Surely its realization will dignify and glorify the profession of the teacher!

The great ideals of the ages are preserved in literature. Through its effective study worthy ideals of life may be set up and worthily realized. Through the guided study of literature the teacher may aspire to cause her pupils to approach her spiritual ideal.

Methods:

The method which a teacher follows in the study of a selection in literature must be determined largely by the desired end in the study. Whether the story be told as a whole in order to preserve the unity of the selection before proceeding to deal with the subject matter in detail, must be settled from the standpoint of considering the subject matter as the means or the end in the educative process. If the knowledge of the subject matter is the only desired end then the telling of the story justifies itself; but if the development of the intellectual and emotional and imaginative nature of the child is also a vital factor in the study of the selection, and this study is regarded as a means in the process of development, then the discovery of unity in the diversity of detail is the goal toward which the teacher directs the study. It is the final end and aim to be reached by the learner through his own effort and not the beginning to be thrust upon him by the teacher.

The function of the study of literature is to reach the thought of the author, in a relative sense at least, as an outcome of the study, to reach the plane which he occupied at the beginning. The reader and the author begin at the opposite poles in dealing with a selection. The author chooses his theme, then through figures of speech, through word painting, and all the details of plan and picture, seeks to drive home the great universal truth which he has externalized in the creation of his fancy. The reader begins with the details, the pictures, word paintings, figures of speech, etc., and through imagination, comparison and inference finds the thread of purpose, the great central, universal truth which the seer, the author, has embodied in the form.

There are two more factors an attitude toward which determines the method. These factors with which we must deal in the study of any work of art are form and content. It frequently has been said of one school that it merely aims to get the thought without laying any particular stress on the form, and of another school that it lays the whole stress on a knowledge of the form with little regard for the content of thought. Either view at best is very superficial. It seems impossible to think the form without also and at the same time thinking the form of what? It seems equally impossible to think the thought without also thinking the thought as shaping and defining itself through form. Is it not more rational to think form and content as inseparable? When the artist has revealed his thought in the only

form that can adequately express the idea, is it a difficult matter to believe that there can be no change in the form without a corresponding change in the thought? Is the simplified form of "Hiawatha" the spiritual uplift of the poet in his great epic? Does it make the appeal and express the feeling the poet makes and feels when he exclaims:

"Ye whose hearts are pure and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened:—
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha!"

When the reader has come to a realization of the author's thought and an appreciation of the form in which it is embodied, he has given verbal expression to the thought; and when he has uttered the words in such manner as will cause the hearers to see and feel with him, he has given vocal expression to the thought. This latter attainment is the more difficult art for it requires the expression of a set idea in a set form. It is an end to be attained worthily because it carries with it the idea of giving as well as of getting. The art of teaching reading which culminates in this oral expression lies in arousing the

emotion and feeling and thought necessary for expressing this set idea in the set form. Memorizing synonyms and other substitute expressions is worse than useless. Beautiful ideas are separate and distinct creations and they admit of no substitution. As well might one attempt to simplify a beautiful piece of Greek sculpture with hammer and chisel, or to simplify the idea embodied on the glowing canvas by substituting a chromo, as to attempt to reveal the spirit of literature by an arbitrary change of form.

In all oral expression the proper test is the ability of the reader to fascinate his hearers with the thought uttered and to leave the hearers as unconscious as possible of the reader. Any gesture, any peculiarity of emphasis or accent that calls the attention to the reader and from the thought read is affectation and not art. The ideal expression leaves the hearers unconscious of the fact that the reader is causing their thinking, of the fact that the reality is not before them all of the time.

Modes of Expression:

As has been stated in another chapter, the cultivation of the imagination in the study of literature is very essential, and the images or pictures should be well defined. But the image, the picture, is but a means to an end. The thought expressed through it is something other than the picture. A picture or image may cause a thought but it is not the thought. Through the pictures and images in a piece of lit-

erature the reader approaches the author's thought, but in order to understand the thought thoroughly it is necessary to understand the basis of thought. In the study of "Evangeline," for example, an abundance of beautiful word pictures will be found through which and uniting which flows the thread of purpose, the ideal love that hopes and endures and is patient. In Whittier's "In School Days" there is the picture of the quaint, old, dilapidated school-house, evidencing the wreck of time on the outside, and the wreck by the forces of spontaneous activity on the inside which is suggestive of the first, crude beginnings of manual training and art in the school-room. The pictures in this poem are but the means through which the simple but beautiful lesson is taught. It is by means of the picture that Lowell impresses upon the reader of the lines: "As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate," etc., the wholesome lesson that this child of fortune could not find himself in the leper and thereby disqualified himself for finding the Holy Grail by following in the steps of the meek and lowly Master. In his picture of Scrooge, with a "frosty rime upon his head and on his eyebrows and on his wiry chin," Dickens tells of the man who apparently was full of internal and external frost, utterly devoid of human feeling and sympathy, but who through trial and struggle proved himself capable of becoming sublimely altruistic.

(By means of drawings these pictures may be sharpened and more clearly defined.)

Dramatization:

The function of dramatization is to objectify the mental image and by this means to re-intensify the idea which it embodies. Dramatization is an aid to the expression of imagination, feeling and emotion; as a means of vivid imaging it has a legitimate place in the schoolroom in the teaching of literature. However, teachers must not lose sight of the fact that all objective representation is on a sensuous basis, and that the highest flight has not been reached until, through the study, the reader has risen above the sensuous to the spiritual conception to which the image, the picture, was but the means. The great dramas of Shakspeare are a mighty force and power, for, despite the glitter and trappings of the stage, the pomp and splendor of costume, a thrill of real, spiritual life is felt in and through them all. But it is possible to so study a play of Shakspeare's that no outer presentation, plus all the panoply of the painted stage, can equal the mental construction which the reader has made; hence the disappointment in witnessing a rendering of Hamlet by even a Mansfield or an Irving. Through the study of great literature we may rise to the conception of the drama voiced by Aurora Leigh:

"The growing drama has outgrown such toys
Of simulated stature, face and speech;
It also peradventure may outgrow
The simulation of the painted scene,
Boards, actors, prompters, gaslights, and costume,
And take for a worthier stage the soul itself,

Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of the rhythmic sounds."

Dramatization, making, drawing, as modes of expression all have a legitimate place in the study of literature while the study of the selection is still in progress, that is, while the readers are still dealing with the data by means of which they will arrive at the author's thought or purpose. By means of these modes the imagination may be intensified and strengthened, and through the imagination the reader may be enabled to see things not present to the senses, and, by their recall build the parts into a united whole. When this last and highest point has been reached, the point to which all of the parts were but the means of approach, there must be resort to no form of expression that tends to lower the plane of thought, that tends to replace the spiritual by the sensual. This point may be illustrated by taking liberties with a thought suggested by Prof. W. W. Black of the University of Indiana: After a class has made a study of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," and in and through the study each reader has built up not only a great ship of state freighted with the destinies of democracy and the nation, but has also built up a great spiritual ship freighted with the destinies of an individual life; when each has come to realize the intensity of the poem in the lines:

" Ah, if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,

Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

what a travesty on correlation it is to send the class to the manual training room to make a mud scow!

There is another phase of correlation which may be equally dissipating in its effects on the selection studied. This may be illustrated from Whittier's "Nauhaught, the Deacon." Whittier says:

"Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God."

The teacher who does not comprehend the purpose and spirit of correlation may now pause to have the children draw a map of New England, locating Cape Cod, and then proceed to make a detailed study of the physical facts and forces of that wild New England coast, the weathering of wind and wave, the force of resistance which withstands their fury; or she may take up the historical aspect and deal with the causes that drove the early pioneers across the sea, with their hardships and perils and privations, with their perseverance, patience,

fortitude, courage; or she may deal with their attempts to convert the Indians to Christianity; or she may take up the art phase and lead the class to imagine a sky, heavy, ominous, threatening with the dense, low-hanging storm-cloud, the waves lashed to fury by the gods of the tempest, and as the pupil imagines himself on the desolate coast in the midst of that awful sublimity and grandeur of the storm, have him record his emotion and feeling in color! Any or all of these topics may be of interest and instructive in and of themselves, but when the study is the analysis of the selection under discussion they only justify themselves when they are indispensable factors in the interpretation of the selection studied.

The purpose of the study of any selection in literature has reached its highest and most worthy possibility when the reader really lives the ideal life for the half hour at least; when he feels himself in and through the struggle and finally crowns himself victor. When the storm and stress of real life, intense and grimly earnest, assail him, then the strength, born of this hour of quiet study, will enable him to stand like a tower of strength and to withstand successfully all the strain and fury of life's tempest. Amid all the doubt and discouragement and lack of sympathetic approval he will rise to the optimistic uplift and outlook of vision of Edmond Rostand, as witnessed in his lines:

"And what should a man do? Work without concern of fortune or of glory to accomplish the heart's desired journey! Put forth nothing that has not its springs in the very heart, yet,

modest, say to himself, 'Old man, be satisfied with blossoms, fruit, yea, leaves alone, so they be gathered in your garden and not another man's!' Then if it happens that to some small extent he triumphs, be obliged to render of the glory to Caesar, not one jot, but honestly appropriate it all. In short, scorning to be the parasite, the creeper, if even failing to be the oak, rise, not perchance to a great height—but rise alone!"

Story-telling:

The study of literature in the grades may well begin with stories, rhymes, jingles, chants, memory gems. The nursery rhymes and jingles of the home may serve as the connecting link between the literature of the home and the literature of the school, from which and through which the little minds may be led to the literature of life, of right living and high thinking, to the best that man has thought and felt and expressed.

It scarcely seems necessary to pause to mention the great importance of story-telling in the early years of school work, or of its permanent influence in quickening the emotions and feelings, strengthening the imagination and intellect, and laying the foundations for ethical and moral judgments in all social relations. Children naturally live in the world of the imaginative, of the fanciful, the world of the ideal. They glory in this world without bounds or limits. They find themselves in the mighty doers of the past, the heroes of old who wrought majestically on a worthy scale. In their deeds, the children familiarize themselves with zeal, with courage, with unselfishness, with devotion to

duty, with the joy of achieving worthily in a righteous cause. In these struggles and obstacles the children acquaint themselves with the problems of pain and privation; of selfishness and faithlessness; of untrustworthiness; of the petty, the mean, the contemptible. Approaching these problems in this far-off, objective way, the children lay a foundation upon which to rear, to appreciate and to understand their own personal experiences. (How many parents there are who are suddenly aroused to the fact that the negative side of this world's life has been thrust upon their children untempered by any objective experience to soften the blow, to modify the shock! How this fact has struck home in the look and tone of the little questioner as he asks: "Why didn't you tell me of this?" It was his right to know.)

When the clouds hang heavy and somber on the horizon of life, as

"The natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again—"

has struck the mind and heart of the individual, there should be a sustaining faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness born of the far-off, the objective experience. This strength born of the struggle and hardship and privation in the objective, the far-off, will be tested sorely enough when the problems of sorrow and pain and loss, as well as those of hope and joy and triumph, come to each with personal significance and meaning.

For an illustration of the use and power of the story as a factor in moral and spiritual training, one needs must turn to the Master who taught them saying:

"Behold a man went forth to sow;

"And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up.

"Some fell upon stony places where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

"And when the sun was up they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away.

"And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up and choked them.

"But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Manner of Story-telling:

If the cold, expressionless type is to be made to glow with feeling and to thrill with life; if the soul is to respond to the music and tenderness of verse; if the moral judgment is to attune itself with truth and justice and mercy, it will be because the teacher molds an ideal in thought and expression as she feels her own emotion and feeling respond to the feeling and thought and spirit of the story. Her feelings must be natural and spontaneous, not superficial and forced. Children readily detect the metallic ring of the false note. Her articulation, enunciation, modulation, must be clear, sweet, beautiful. Her appreciation and spirit must record themselves in voice and eye, in the expression of

face and form. She must cultivate the art of story-telling as practiced by the story-tellers of old, the harpers and Homers who kept alive the fervor and passion of a people.

Unfortunate is the class whose teacher feels that she must always lean on a book, must always permit a book to come between herself and her class! The eye, the look, the tone, all lose in force, intensity and power through the reading. How doubly unfortunate is the class whose teacher reads to the class *through the book*, lifeless, monotonous, spiritless! What a spirit thus enkindled, what an ideal of expression thus formed!

Reproduction of the Story:

In the reproduction of the story the imagination may be made to kindle anew, the vocabulary may be increased, the ideals of expression may tend to realize themselves, the future language work may have its genesis. And what an opportunity is here to cultivate a musical reading voice—an opportunity all too often sadly ignored, if one may judge by the monotonous tone of many schoolrooms. By means of phonic drills through jingle and chant, the muscles and cords may be trained to proper adjustment, the enunciation, articulation, pronunciation and modulation may be rendered soft and sweet and clear and musical and beautiful. In fact, the educative possibilities through the story are manifold to the teacher who has eyes to see, the heart to feel, the will to do.

Basis for Selection:

After the teacher has realized the manner of story-telling, the next consideration is the basis for selecting stories to be told. Much valuable time may be wasted in debating the relative merits of particular stories and their adaptation to the age, the needs, the conditions, of this or that particular class. However, is there not a possibility for general agreement in the selection of stories that have stood the test of time? Stories that deal with the ultimate triumph of truth and goodness and beauty and light and love? Stories that are full of wholesome humor and innocent amusement, however impossible the fact detailed?

The stories which have found a counterpart in every clime and among all people, the myth, fairy tale, legend, which have stimulated the generations of men and record their abiding sense in the ultimate triumph of right; that lifted them above the obstacles and the discouragements of the present to a faith in a more wholesome future, are worthy of serious consideration on the part of any teacher. The stories of heroic action, of mighty valor, of heroes who annihilate time and space, who are undaunted by any obstacles, who are stimulated to vigorous action by the very difficulties themselves, are worthy types and ideals to ponder over, to admire and to emulate. The stories of the *mysterious*, the *awe-full*, the *wonder-full*, which cause the imagination to soar aloft on spirit wings, and the spirit to glow with a new thrill at the wonder and majesty

and *full-ness* of life, form a worthy basis for interpreting a *wonder-full* world.

What a world of wonder this matter-of-fact old world is when viewed irrespective of the fundamental life problems of food, clothing and shelter!—the apparent rising and setting of the sun; the phases of the moon; the planetary and stellar movements; the rejuvenation of the springtime; the fruitfulness of summer; the golden glory of autumn; the quietness and restfulness of winter; the apparent shifting of the sun's position during these phases of the earth's life; the institutions of society; the inventions of industry and fancy in the industrial world, in art, in music, in poetry and painting and sculpture; in family life; and man himself, his ability to know and to do; to aspire and to be and to become; his mastery over the physical facts and forces of his environment; his contemplation of the life spiritual! How *wonder-full* it all is! How majestic! How awe-inspiring! Oh, the pity of an imagination deadened and an intellect dulled through the sordid pursuit of gain!—a pursuit that sinks all the wonder and mystery and beauty of life into the commonplace! How more than passing strange that an assumed knowledge of the law can conceal the mystery and majesty and *wonder-full-ness* of the fact!

Through the myths and legends and tales of flower and bird, of sun and storm and the varying aspects of nature; in the legends and romances and hero tales of wholesome adventure and worthy achievement, of knights mighty in battle, of friend-

ships and valor, of heroic courage and devotion to duty, let us lift the children to a realization of the *wonder-full-ness* of all being, the *majesty* of all life, the *glory* of all law!!

Literature and the Reading Problem:

It may be worth while to direct the attention to the consideration of literature in its relation to learning to read by inquiring whether the difficulties involved in learning to read have not been rendered more difficult by the use of the short, choppy sentence-paragraph style of structure—a style so prevalent in our “readers for beginners.” These sentence-paragraphs are limited in thought, in emotion and imaginative stimulus, with little or no appeal to the intellect. Their sole excuse for being lies in the fact that they afford an opportunity to fix a few words in memory. The lack of tension in the thought has been responsible for the lack of genuine, spontaneous interest and *attention* on the part of the learner, rather than any inherent difficulty in learning to read or to any limitation on the part of the learner.

The most serious fallacy to which this sentence-paragraph structure has led has been the idea that the learner should come in contact with but a few words each day, and therefore the changes must of necessity be rung on conventional words and phrases in sentences constructed for that purpose and for none other. With this idea dominating the reading, *contact with words* was deemed primarily of more

importance than the stimulus of *contact with ideas*. The number of words *memorized* or *spelled* became the measure of the fulness of being.

Of course it may be urged that the majority of books for beginners are based essentially on the choppy paragraph with the constant repetition of words and phrases; therefore the accumulated judgment of experience and study must regard this mode a necessity. It may be pertinent to inquire whether this attitude of mind may not be due rather to tradition and lack of scientific thought than to any deep psychological insight and judgment.

(It may not be wholly impertinent to suggest that the teacher who has never tried anything else isn't qualified to answer the inquiry.)

Of one thing we may be assured, the great publishing houses are spending thousands of dollars every year to meet the demands of the teacher and her work, and when we believe ourselves capable of something larger and better in our reading work, something that will have a double value, value in the reading and value in reading something in and of itself worth while, these publishing houses will meet our needs as cheerfully as they now do. Let us have faith to believe that the time has come when we should more and more base our reading on the study of wholes of at least some artistic and literary merit.

CHAPTER V

TYPE STORIES

In story-telling, the form and vocabulary employed by the teacher may and should be much more complex, extensive and diversified than either may be in stories presented for study and which children will be required to read. Whether children are to read the story or are to be entertained and incidentally instructed by it, they should be taught to think the story through and conditions should be made whereby they will project the thought by anticipation. If wrong inferences are drawn children will have an added incentive for attending more closely and with less fatigue than would be the case otherwise.

To illustrate the movement through form and the manner of projecting the thought forward the following stories are chosen. Another motive in selecting the first story is to suggest that Russia has contributed something to the world's thought besides cruelty and oppression and anarchy and red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

(Problem Story)

Once in the long, long ago, there lived in Russia a very selfish old woman. She starved and beat her children, quarreled with

her neighbors, and made herself generally disagreeable to every one who knew her. Finally when the death angel summoned her to the shadow-land, there was not even one to mourn for her.

When she appeared before the judgment seat, and the record of her selfish and worthless life was read, she was condemned to a life of reparation through struggle in the bottomless pit.

One day as she lay in agony of spirit in the lower depths of the pit of hopelessness, she cast her eyes upward and saw an angel soaring and singing about the throne of God. She beckoned the angel to her and said: "Go back to your Master and ask him what I ever did on earth to merit such punishment as this?"

The angel wheeled and circled far above her until he stood by the throne of the Most High. The angel approached the Master and delivered the old woman's message. The Master looked grave but kindly said:

(What? Why do you think so?)

"Return to the old woman and ask her whether once in all her life she ever did an unselfish act."

On the wings of the lightning the angel hurried to the old woman with the message. The old woman thought and thought and thought for a long time and then she replied: "Yes! One winter there was a terrible famine in Russia, and men, women, and children were starving by the thousands. I had nothing to prolong my life but a single carrot. As I wandered along the highway wondering what I should do when it was gone, I met a woman who carried a baby in her arms. Both were sick and starving—"

(What did the old woman do?)

"I broke the carrot in two and shared it with the sick woman and her starving baby."

Surely this was an act of unselfishness.

The angel with a gladsome smile soared aloft until he reached the Master and related the incident. The Master with a compassionate look said:

(What? Why?)

"Here is the carrot! If unselfishness still lives in her heart it will redeem her life."

The angel took the carrot and hastened to the old woman.

He requested her to take one end while he held the other. Together they soared upward toward the light and life above the pit.

As they were going upward the person next to the old woman caught her by the heel, the second caught the first by the heel, the third caught the second by the heel, and so on until all of the people in the pit formed one long human chain drawn upward by the one unselfish act.

The carrot held and hauled them all!

Just as they neared the mouth of the pit, the old woman thought:

(What? Why? What did she do?)

"If the carrot should break I would fall back with all of the others. The carrot was only intended to haul me out, not to haul all of these also!" With this thought she gave her heel a sudden jerk and succeeded in shaking off all who were hanging by it. Down, down they dropped into the hopeless darkness. Just then the carrot snapped and down, down, down dropped the old woman after them!

The angel with sad face and sorrowful tone said:

(What? Why? How did the angel feel?)

"If one unselfish deed has power to empty the pit of dark despair, selfishness has power to fill it again."

Then he vanished.

And as for the old woman, if she hasn't outgrown her selfishness, she is there to this very day.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

(Good Overcoming Evil)

In the far-off, golden days a little daughter was born unto a king and queen. She was so beautiful that the king and queen were quite beside themselves with joy. They set apart a day for feasting and rejoicing throughout their kingdom, and planned a brilliant reception at the royal palace. They invited their royal relatives, the noblemen and ladies and the wise women of the kingdom. They sought to please every one so that all would be kindly disposed toward their beautiful little daughter.

Now there were thirteen wise women in their kingdom, but they knew of but twelve, so twelve invitations were sent out and twelve golden plates were provided for them at the royal banquet table. The feast was celebrated with mirth and song and laughter, and as it drew to a close the twelve favored guests stood forth to bestow their wondrous gifts upon the child. The first gave virtue; the second, beauty; the third, riches; the fourth, charm and grace of manners; the fifth, a kind and sympathetic nature; and so on until eleven of the wise women had bestowed their gifts. Suddenly in burst the uninvited thirteenth full of rage and hatred and burning with her revengeful desires. Ignoring all the assembled guests, she cried in a loud, harsh voice:

"In the fifteenth year of her life she shall prick her finger with a spindle and shall fall down dead." And so saying, she turned and left the hall as abruptly as she had entered it.

Every one was bewildered and terrified at the prophecy, and the good king and queen were prostrated with grief. The twelfth wise woman stepped forward, and in a kindly voice said: "Be of good cheer. While I cannot wholly overcome the wicked prophecy yet I can soften it. The princess shall not die, but shall fall into a deep sleep which will last for one hundred years."

The king greatly desired to offset even this lesser evil, so he commanded that every spindle in his kingdom should be destroyed. The command was carried far and wide, and all who heard readily complied with the request.

The princess grew up adorned with all the gifts which loving wisdom had bestowed. She was so sweet and lovely, so modest and clever, so kind and good that all who knew her loved her.

One day when the maiden was fifteen years of age, the king and queen rode off in the royal coach leaving the princess to roam at will about the castle.

She wandered about from room to room as fancy led her, and finally climbed the narrow, winding stair which led to an old forsaken tower. Soon she came to a little door with a rusty key sticking in the lock. She turned the key, the door opened and there sat a little old woman diligently spinning flax. The prin-

cess curtsied to the old woman, and then eagerly asked: "What are you doing?" "I am spinning," answered the old woman nodding her head.

"What is this thing that spins round so briskly?" asked the maiden. Taking the spindle in her hand she began to spin. As she touched it she pricked her finger, and that very moment fell back upon a bed and lay in a deep sleep. The evil prophecy had been fulfilled.

The sleep fell upon the whole castle. The king and queen who had returned fell asleep in the great hall. Everywhere throughout the castle nobles and servants fell asleep where they sat or stood. Horses fell asleep in their stalls, dogs in the yard, birds in the trees, and even the flies on the wall. The fire flickered on the hearth for a moment, then slept like the rest. Even the cook fell asleep in the midst of meats and cakes and pastries. The wind, too, sank to rest, and not a flower or leaf stirred about the royal castle.

A great hedge sprang up about the castle which grew higher and denser every year until finally nothing could be seen except the top of the roof. The rumor of the sleep of the charming princess was bruited about the whole country, and many royal princes tried in vain to force their way through the dense hedges. The thorns seized them and held them like teeth of steel, and many a one perished, vainly struggling to free himself.

Long years afterwards another royal prince visited that country. From the faltering lips of an aged man he heard the marvelous story of the sleeping princess and of the castle behind the hedge. The old man also told him that many a prince had lost his life in attempting to pass through the hedge.

"Nevertheless," said the young prince, "I shall pass through the hedge, and shall behold the beautiful princess." Nor would he hearken further to the remonstrances of the good old man.

The hundred years were now ended, and the time for the princess to awaken was at hand. So when the prince drew near the hedge it suddenly changed into a bed of beautiful flowers which bent aside to let him pass and then closing behind him was again a thick hedge.

As he passed through the royal castle he beheld king and queen, noble and servant just as they had fallen asleep one hundred years before. Everything was so still and quiet that his own breathing startled him. At last he came to the tower where lay the beautiful young princess. She looked so lovely and charming that he stooped and gently kissed her cheek. Whereupon she opened her eyes and smiled kindly upon him.

The princess arose and the prince took her hand, and together they passed to the court below. Then the king and queen and all the court awoke and gazed with wonder and amazement upon each other. The horses shook themselves, and then went prancing and neighing about the yard. The dogs barked, the fowls cackled, and the birds sang. The fire blazed up on the royal hearth, and the cooks commenced to prepare a royal feast.

Then the wedding of the prince and the princess was celebrated with royal splendor and again all was joy and mirth and happiness throughout the kingdom.—*Adapted from Grimm.*

Stories to be Read by Children:

As already suggested, stories which are to be read by children should be simple in form and more limited in vocabulary than are the stories which are to be told to the children. The aim in teaching this type of story is to familiarize the mind with the content of idea and through this known content to lead to a mastery of the form which embodies it.

The teacher should speak through crayon as well as through vocal cords. The doers (the nouns), and the doing (the verbs), should be selected with care. Through these the ideas may be conveyed, the story constructed.

Here, too, the mind should be encouraged to project itself, to anticipate the outcome. Herein is the

teacher's opportunity to commence the systematic development of logical thinking on the part of the children.

THE BREMEN-TOWN MUSICIANS

There was once a poor old donkey that felt very sad and lonely.

(Why?)

He had carried sacks—

(Where?)

to the mill for his master for many a long year. Up hill and down he had carried his heavy sacks—

(How?)

without complaining. But at last he grew old and feeble. His legs became stiff, his teeth dull, his eyes dim. Then he could not work to please his master. His master said:

(What?)

"I can ill afford to feed a worthless old donkey. I will turn him out to die."

The donkey said:

(What?)

"I have worked faithfully all these years. Now my master does not even thank me. I must go out into the world to seek my fortune." And this is why he felt so sad and lonely.

He started slowly down the highway that led out into the great, wide world. When he had gone a little way he saw a dog lying by the roadside. The dog was crying piteously and seemed to be in great trouble.

"How now, friend dog," asked the donkey, "what has gone wrong with you?"

The dog replied, "I served my master faithfully for ten long years. I followed him in the hunt by day. I watched his flocks at night. Now I am old. I get weaker every day. I cannot hunt by day. I cannot watch by night. My master says:

(What?)

"I must be put to death."

"I will tell you what," said the donkey, "come with me. We will go—

(Where?)

out into the world together to seek our fortunes."

"All right," said the dog. So they walked on together.

Soon they came to a cat sitting by the road. She looked very sad. "What is the matter with you, friend cat?" asked the donkey.

The cat replied, "I have worked for my old mistress for five years. I have kept the rats out of the basement and the mice out of the kitchen. Sometimes I worked by day; sometimes by night. But I never complained. Now I am old. My joints are stiff. My teeth are dull. I can only sit by the fire and purr. My mistress says,—(What?)—I must be drowned."

"That is too bad," said the donkey. "Come out into the world with us. We are seeking our fortunes."

The cat said,—(What? Did what?)—"That's a good idea." So she went along with them.

As they were passing a farmyard, they saw a rooster perched upon the gate-post. He was crowing with all his might.

"Your cries are enough to pierce bone and marrow. What is the matter?" asked the donkey.

"I have foretold fair weather so the clothes could be washed and dried. On Sunday morning company is coming. The mistress told the cook to make me into soup. My neck is to be wrung this evening. So I am crowing while I can."

"Come with us, Chanticleer," said the donkey. "That will be —(What?)—better than dying. You have a powerful voice. When we all sing together the music will be great."

The rooster consented and they all—(Did what?)—started up the road together.

Toward evening they came to a big wood. Here they stopped for the night. The dog and the donkey—(Did what?)—lay under a huge tree. The cat—(Did what?)—climbed up among the branches. The rooster—(Did what?)—flew to the very top of the tree. He saw a light away off in the distance. He called to

his companions. He said,—(*What?*)—"There must be a house where I see the light."

The donkey said,—(*What?*)—"Let us go there. These beds are not very comfortable."

The dog said, "A few bones not quite bare will do me good." So they all started toward the light. It grew—(*How?*)—larger and brighter until it led them to a robbers' house. The donkey went up to the window and looked in.

"Well, what do you see?" asked the dog.

"I see a table set with splendid food. Robbers are sitting around it and feasting."

"That will just suit us," said the rooster.

"I wish I were there," said the cat.

Then they all planned to get the robbers out of the house. The donkey placed his fore-legs on the window-sill. The dog got on the donkey's back. The cat got on the dog's back. The rooster flew up and perched on the cat's head.

Then they all began to make their music. The donkey brayed. The dog barked. The cat howled. The rooster crowed with all his might. Then they burst into the room breaking the panes of glass.

The robbers—(*Did what?*)—fled when they heard the dreadful sounds. They ran to the woods in terror. Then the four companions sat down to a fine feast.

When they could eat no more they put out the light and each hunted a sleeping place. The cat—(*Did what?*)—curled up in the warm ashes on the hearth. The dog—(*Did what?*)—lay behind the door. The rooster flew up on the roof. The donkey—(*Did what?*)—lay down in the yard outside. They were all tired, so—(*What happened?*)—they soon fell fast asleep.

One of the robbers saw that no light was burning. Everything seemed quiet. He said,—(*What?*)—"We have run away without reason."

The captain said, "Go back to see who is there."

"All right," said the bold robber. And back he went.

He found everything still and quiet. He went into the house to strike a light. He saw the cat's eyes shining on the hearth.

He thought they were—(*What?*)—coals of fire. He put a stick in the cat's eye to kindle it. The cat—(*Did what?*)—flew at his face spitting and scratching. The robber was—(*What?*)—terribly frightened. He yelled in terror and ran for the door. He stepped on the dog. The dog jumped up and—(*Did what?*)—bit him on the leg. The rooster heard the noise. He—(*Did what?*)—cried out "Cock-a-doodle-do! Cock-a-doodle-do!" Then the robber ran through the yard and the donkey—(*Did what?*)—kicked him on the back.

The robber ran back to his comrades. He was white with fear. He exclaimed, "O captain! There is a terrible old witch in that house. She scratched me in the face with long sharp nails. A giant stood behind the door. He stabbed me in the leg with a sharp knife. A huge monster in the yard beat me with a big club. And up on the roof Justice sits. He kept calling, 'Throw the villain up here! Throw the villain up here!'"

When the robbers heard this they were—(*How?*)—too frightened to go there any more. They—(*Did what?*)—went far into the woods to build another home.

So the four companions found their fortune and a home.—
Adapted from Grimm.

Development of the Story:

- (a) Tell me about the donkey.
 - (b) Why did he feel so sad and lonely?
 - (c) What did he decide to do?
 - (d) Where did he go and what did he see?
 - (e) What did the dog say?
 - (f) What did the dog and the donkey do?
 - (g) Where did they see the cat? What was she doing?
- What did the donkey say to the cat? What did she say?
- (h) What was the rooster doing? What did the donkey say to the rooster?
 - (i) What did the rooster tell them?

(j) What do you think of such masters and mistresses? Why?

(k) Are such animals really worth keeping when they have outgrown their usefulness?

(l) Are they not expensive?

(m) Where did the four friends stop for the night?

(n) What did the rooster see from his perch? When they followed this light what did they find? How did they get the robbers out? What did they do next?

(o) What happened to the robber who returned to investigate?

(p) What effect did that have upon the fortunes of our four friends?

A LITTLE RED HEN

A little red hen lived alone near a big wood. She had a wee little house, but it was large enough for her. She gathered seeds and berries for her food. She picked up sticks for her fire. She was quiet and gentle. She never harmed anyone in her life. She was a happy little hen.

A crafty old fox lived near her. His home was a den in the rocks. He was very fond of chickens for his dinner. He lay awake one night planning how to get the little red hen. He wanted her for his dinner the next day. He prowled around all day trying to carry out his plans.

The little red hen was too careful for the old fox to get her. She always looked about cautiously before leaving her little house. She always locked the door and put the key in her pocket when she went in.

The old fox did not get her that time.

The old fox watched and prowled and lay awake nights until he was just skin and bone. He longed to catch the little red hen and boil her, but he could not.

At last a clever plan came into his wicked old head. He took a big bag and threw it over his shoulder. He called his mother

and said: "Mother, have the big pot boiling when I come home. We shall have the little red hen for our dinner to-night."

Away he went over the hills and through the woods. He crept slyly and softly to the house of the little red hen. At that very minute out stepped the little red hen. She began to pick up sticks for her fire.

"Now I have you," the old fox said to himself. He quickly stepped into the house and hid behind the door.

In a little while in came the little red hen with her apron full of sticks. She shut the door, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. Then she turned around and saw the sly old fox in the corner. She dropped her sticks in great fright. Before the old fox could pounce upon her she flew up and perched on a beam above the door. The old fox could not get at her.

"Ah, ha!" said the fox, "I shall soon get you down." He began to whirl round and round faster and faster after his bushy tail. The little red hen became so dizzy looking at him that she fell off the beam. The fox snapped her up, popped her into the bag, and started home in a minute.

The fox went up hill and down hill with the little red hen smothering in the bag. At first she didn't know where she was. She thought that she had surely been boiled and eaten.

By and by she remembered the fox and discovered where she was. She put her hand in her pocket and took out her little bright pair of scissors. She cut a long slit in the bag. Then she reached out and picked up a stone. She put the stone inside and stepped out. Then she flew home and locked her little door.

Meanwhile the fox toiled up the steep hill. The stone thumped at his back. He thought: "How heavy the little red hen is! We shall have a fine dinner at her expense!"

Soon he came in sight of the den among the rocks. He spied his old mother watching for him at the door. He said: "Mother, have you the pot boiling?"

His mother said: "Yes! Have you the little red hen?"

"Yes!" said the fox, "here in my bag. Take the lid off the pot and I will put her in."

The old mother fox lifted the lid off the pot. The sly rascal

untied the bag and shook the big heavy stone into the pot of boiling water. The water splashed up all over the wily fox and his mother and scalded both to death.

The little red hen lived quietly as before. She did her work, interfered with nobody, and so was happy and contented.

If she hasn't died she lives there still.—*Adapted from Mrs. Whitney's "Stories."*

Development of the Story:

- (a) Where and how did the little red hen live?
- (b) Who lived near her? What kind of neighbor was he? Why?
- (c) What did the old fox plan to do?
- (d) How did the little hen upset his plans?
- (e) What did he plan to do then? What did he tell his mother?
- (f) What did the little red hen do when she found the sly, old fox in her house?
- (g) How did the fox get her down?
- (h) How did the little hen escape?
- (i) What kept the sly, old fox from knowing that she had escaped?
- (j) What happened when the sly, old fox got home?

A ROBIN HOOD STORY

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

(Motor and dramatic type—Physical courage)

It was in the summer of long ago. Robin Hood and his merry men roamed through Sherwood Forest. They dressed in Lincoln green. Robin carried a little silver horn. He blew upon it to call his men when any of them were in danger.

The fame of Robin Hood and his men was soon known all over the land. Their deeds made the sheriff very angry. He tried many times, but always failed to catch them.

At the first poor people were very much afraid of Robin Hood and his merry men. When they heard his bugle-call, they trembled with fear. They soon learned that Robin Hood meant no harm to them.

Robin Hood said, "I plunder no poor man. I do not oppress the widow and orphan. I relieve the poor."

The poor soon learned to love and trust him.

Robin Hood rose early one fine morning. He threw his quiver over his shoulder. "This fresh breeze stirs my blood," said he. "My lads, I shall see what the gay world looks like toward Nottingham town. Stay you behind in the borders of the forest. Keep within earshot of my bugle-call."

Then he strode merrily to the edge of the wood. He paused there a moment. He stood erect and manly. His eyes watched the road. The wind blew his beautiful brown locks about. It blew a ruddy color into his cheeks. He was indeed a fine sight as he stood there.

The road led to the town. He started boldly for it. Soon he came to a by-path that led across a brook. This way was nearer and less open. He turned down this by-path.

He soon came to the stream. It was swollen by recent rain. It seemed a raging torrent. The long foot-bridge was still there. At one end was a big puddle of water. This he must leap or get his feet wet.

Robin Hood did not mind a little thing like that. He made a running start. Then his nimble legs carried him over easily. He landed safely on the other side and started across the narrow foot-bridge. As he did so he saw a tall stranger coming from the other side. Robin quickened his pace. The stranger did so, too. Each wished to get across first. Midway they met. Neither would budge an inch.

"Give way, fellow!" roared Robin.

The stranger smiled. He was a head taller than Robin.

"Nay," he said, "fair and softly! I only give way to a better man than myself."

"Give way, I say," repeated Robin, "or I shall have to show you a better man."

The stranger laughed loudly, but budged not an inch. "Now, by my halidom, I would not move after that speech," he said good-naturedly. "I have sought for this better man all my life. Show him to me if it pleases you."

"That I will right soon," said Robin. "Stay you here a little while. I shall cut me a cudgel like the one you are twirling in your fingers."

Robin laid aside his long bow and arrows. Then he returned to his own bank. He cut a stout cudgel of oak. It was six feet long, straight and knotless. But it was a foot shorter than the stranger's cudgel.

Robin took his cudgel and went back boldly. He said, "I mind not telling you that a bout with archery would have been an easier way with me. But there are other tunes in England than that the arrow sings." So saying, Robin whirled the staff above his head. "Make ready for the tune I am about to play upon your ribs. Have at you! One, two—"

"Three!" roared the stranger, smiting at him instantly.

Well was it for Robin that he was quick and nimble of foot. The blow that grazed his shoulder would have felled an ox. Robin dodged the blow and came back with a whack!

Whack! parried the other.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

The fight was fast and furious.

The match was a merry one.

The stranger was strong. His mighty blows whistled about Robin's head.

Robin was nimble. He dodged the blows and gave the stranger some mighty whacks in the ribs.

They stood in their places fighting for a good half hour. Neither would cry "Enough!" Every blow seemed like to knock one or the other off the narrow bridge.

The stranger's face was getting red. His breath came short and fast. He stepped forward to finish Robin with a blow.

Robin dodged and again struck the stranger on the short ribs. It sounded like a tanner tanning a hide for market. The stranger staggered and almost fell. He regained his footing quickly.

"By my life you can hit hard!" he gasped. Then he gave a blow while he was yet staggering.

This blow was a lucky one. It caught Robin off guard. He had lowered his stick for a moment. He had expected to see the stranger topple over into the water, when down came the stranger's stick upon his head with a mighty whack! It made Robin see stars. He dropped off the bridge into the water.

The cold water brought him to his senses. He groped blindly among the reeds. He tried to pull himself upon the bank.

The stranger laughed heartily at Robin. Then he rushed to his aid. He thrust his long cudgel into the water. He said, "Lay hold of that if your fist whirl not as much as your head."

Robin laid hold and was hauled to dry land. He came out like a fish. Only a fish would not have come out so wet and dripping. He lay panting on the warm bank. Then he sat up and rubbed his head.

"You hit full stoutly," said he. "My head hums like a hive of bees on a summer morning."

Then he seized his horn, which lay near him. He blew three shrill notes, which echoed against the trees. A moment of silence followed.

Then was heard the rustling of leaves and the crackling of twigs. It sounded like the coming of many men. Then from the glade burst twenty men or more. They were all large and strong. They were dressed in Lincoln green. Will Stutely and the widow's three sons were at their head.

"Good Master!" cried Will Stutely, "how is this? There is not a dry thread on your body!"

"Why," replied Robin, "this fellow would not let me pass the foot-bridge. I tickled him on the ribs. He answered by knocking me on the head. I fell overboard suddenly."

"Then shall he taste some of his own porridge," said Will. "Seize him, lads!"

"Nay, let him go free," said Robin. "The fight was a fair one. I abide by it. I presume you are also quits?" said Robin, as he turned to the stranger with a twinkling eye.

"I am content. You now have the best end of the cudgel. But I like you well and would know your name."

"Why," said Robin, "my men and even the sheriff know me as Robin Hood, the outlaw."

"I am sorry that I beat you," exclaimed the stranger. "I was on my way to join you and your merry men. Now I fear we are still strangers."

"Never say it!" cried Robin. "I am glad I fell in with you, —though I did all of the falling."

All the men laughed as Robin and the stranger clasped hands. And so the strong friendship of a lifetime was begun.

"But you have not yet told me your name," cried Robin.

"Where I come from men call me John Little."

"Enter our company, then, John Little. Enter and welcome. The rites are few. The fee is large. We ask your whole body and mind and heart even unto death."

"I give my service even unto death," said John Little.

Thereupon Will Stutely, who loved a good joke, said: "The baby of our family must be christened. I'll be his godfather. This fair little stranger is too small of bone and muscle for his old name." Here he paused to fill a horn in the stream.

Then he stood on tiptoe to splash the water on the giant. "Hear you, my son, take your new name on entering the forest. I christen you Little John."

At this jest the men laughed loud and long.

"Give him a bow and find him a full quiver of arrows," said Robin, merrily. "Can you shoot as well as you can fence with the cudgel?"

"I have hit an ash twig at forty yards," said Little John.

Thus chatting pleasantly, the band of men turned into the forest. They followed a path that led where trees were thickest and moss softest. This path led to a secret cave. This was the hiding place of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Here they found the rest of the band. Some had come in with two fat deer. They built a ruddy fire and sat down to eat and drink.

Robin sat in the center. Will Stutely was on one side of him. Little John was on the other.

Robin said, "I am well pleased with the day's adventure. Sore ribs and heads will heal. It is not every day I find a man as stout of body and true of soul as Little John."—*Adapted from "Robin Hood" by T. Walker McSpadden.*

Part Two

CHAPTER VI

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE READING PROBLEM

Two controlling ideas dominate the work of the public schools: the one, the development of the individual in the educative process; and the other, the mastering of the subject matter. At just what point these two ideas coördinate themselves is a mooted question. Certain it is that the idea of information as the sole end and aim cannot be justified below the college or university. It seems equally certain that development as the sole end and aim cannot justify itself above the kindergarten and primary grades. The relationship of form and content is such that the fulness of the one demands the recognition and support of the other.

More than one earnest educator who has noted the alertness, the originality, the resourcefulness of the street Arab, and who has noted also the pitiful lack of resourcefulness, of initiative, of originality and alertness on the part of many a boy with every advantage of school, has voiced the opinion that somehow the school does not give the necessary experiences to develop the desirable traits which the street

Arab seems to possess, that it does not articulate in a vital way with social and economic life. If one reflects upon the conditions presented for the development of the schoolboy and also for the development of the street Arab, he will note that the conditions surrounding the schoolboy are determined, selected, organized and systematized. The conditions surrounding the boy of the street are unorganized and unsystematized and are without selection and determination. He will thus note that conditions external are in favor of the boy of the school. The difference, then, must be in the manner and intensity of response to the conditions of the environment. The street Arab responds with his whole self, every phase and form of mind are alert, active, responsive. Perception, memory, judgment, reason and will are all stimulated, exercised, developed. Starting from imitation with this response, he changes, fashions, originates; he takes the initiative; he forces conclusions.

The schoolboy, all too often, is on a low responsive plane. His whole being is not alert. Verbal memory dominates his mental activities. He crams verbal memory, responds from verbal memory, is measured and graded by virtue of verbal memory. His whole mind is not actively and organically at work. In each recitation his imagination is not kindled, his memory is not alert classifying and determining, his judgment is not sure, his reason is not keen, his will is not actively choosing and directing. He is responsive in a passive sense

only. Splendid exceptions there are to this unfortunate condition which merely defines the boy with whom the street Arab is compared, to the credit of the latter.

It is the aim of the remainder of this chapter and of subsequent chapters to suggest a method of teaching literature which will present ideals worthy of imitation and which will rise above the mere plane of word perception or verbal memory and which will aspire to run the gamut of the mind from sensation to will. This method will be suggested and exemplified through concrete illustrations.

From the standpoint of subject matter in any study, the child should be approaching a conscious recognition of the basic principles which give being to the subject, and he should also be approaching the mastery of those principles. He should be able to recognize the application of those principles in a set mode and should be able to recognize the control of the conditions by the principles. Finally, he should become master of the principles in their application to daily life. From the standpoint of development, the child is the subject; the subject matter is the means; the end is to give the child self-control, self-assurance or self-reliance, and self-direction. Or stated in other terms, the child is the subject to be taught, his development is the desired end and aim; the subject matter is the means by which and through which the development is to be effected; teaching is the making of conditions through the presentation of subject matter whereby the mind,

through its own activity and according to its own law, may unfold rationally and economically. The teaching aim is to start with the child's experiences; to give new experiences; to develop power to discover causal relations and to move with accuracy and precision from cause to effect; to discover and to formulate principles about which subject matter organizes itself; to acquire facility and precision in interpreting conditions in which principles are involved, and to make the application of principles to the needs of daily life. In this general teaching aim, the claim, and the justification of the claim, of form and content are to be found.

A few book psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, the teacher is the true psychologist. Her mission is to know the laws of mind movement; to know how the mind comes to possess ideas and to be possessed by ideas; to know how to present her subject matter in harmony with that movement and with those laws. Psychology from the standpoint of the teacher is the science of the laws of mind and an exposition of the manner of mind movement. Too many teachers there are who think their psychology as mere book psychology, think of it as made up of an arbitrary number of chapters dealing with sensations, perceptions, memory, imagination, etc.—a thing proper enough for the student of psychology in the classroom, but foreign to the classroom from the standpoint of the teacher of any other subject. This attitude on the part of many teachers, and even of some psychologists themselves, has done more to

retard the placing of teaching upon a professional basis than any other one factor.

A profession demands a mastery of the technique of its subject matter and an ability to forecast the outcome from the given data. The lawyer who knows his law and the facts and precedents pertaining thereto, will estimate the importance of the facts in the case and, if he be honest and competent, will forecast the outcome with accuracy and precision. The oculist will make his tests on the eye and, if he be efficient and reliable, will prescribe the proper treatment for that organ. The skilled physician and surgeon will make his diagnosis, prescribe the remedy and relief will follow. When the skilled teacher can forecast the outcome of a given presentation on a normal mind, and can so adjust her subject matter in harmony with the laws of mind that the forecasted outcome will inevitably follow, she, too, will take her place among the professionals, and will no longer classify herself as a quack nor allow others so to classify her.

The psychology of the teacher, then, is essentially of the mind — not foreign to or supplementary of the mind. The sensations of psychology are merely the things attended to by the mind or to which the mind may attend under any and all conditions. School is an institution that aims to determine just what sensations shall claim the attention of the mind. These sensations may be caused by the plant or animal under observation, the problem up for so-

lution, or the poem to be analyzed and read. Perception is the being, the individuality, given to the thing from which the individual sensation emanated. It is a product of consciousness arrived at through attending the sensations presented to the mind. The concept is the general body of knowledge made up of previous experiences through sensations determined and classified. Memory is the link which unites the old body of knowledge with the new experience. It is stimulated to activity by the appeal of the new thing placed in relation to the mind. The new thing of itself calls up old experiences which relate to it through its demand upon the mind for recognition and classification. Judgment is the conclusion of the mind regarding this individual, this new item of experience or knowledge. It is the inference reached from previous experiences and the given data. Reason is the comparison and relation of judgment with judgment by means of which the idea of the organic whole is reached. Will is the choice of the determining factors. To present any subject with force and intelligence the teacher must so arrange her work, must so plan her presentation, that the gamut of the mind, from sensation to will, will be run by the developing mind. Through the greatest intensity and diversity does the mind come to its fullest development. This, in a very brief way, is the psychology of mind movement, the problem of the schoolroom, the determinant of its methods. No lesson performs its fullest function which does not make provision for the exercise of each and

every phase of mind movement, and thus aim to insure a rational, harmonious, all-around development.

Suggested Studies:

I

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Seud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit across the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery.
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—*Celia Thaxter*

Thought Analysis:

Picture ocean, beach, and gathering storm.

Note the picture on the narrow beach, the sandpiper flitting about, the maiden gathering driftwood.

Meaning of driftwood. How does it become "bleached and dry?"

Note the effect in the picture of the seeming conflict between the wind and waves on one hand, and the maiden and sandpiper on the other.

Note the picture of the beach and sky and sea, the hurrying storm-clouds, the ghost-like lighthouses, the close-reefed vessels.

Meaning of lighthouses, scud, close-reefed.

Place maiden and sandpiper in the picture, and note their movements and songs, the plaintive cry of the sandpiper, the maiden's response, their attitude toward and effect upon each other. Significance of this feeling.

Meaning of

"Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong."

Note the apparent solicitude of the maiden in her questions,—

"To what warm shelter canst thou fly?"

Note also her faith and trust in the lines,—

"I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?"

Suggested Questions on the Text:

What characters are talked of in the poem? Where are they?

Which line tells what they are doing?

What is the maiden doing? In what manner?

The wild waves do what?

The winds do what?

The tide does what?

When is all this done?

What are above their heads?

What are the clouds doing?

How do the lighthouses stand out?

How far are the vessels seen?

What kind of vessels are they? Doing what?

This is done as the author and the sandpiper do what?

What does the maiden say of the sandpiper? What does he do?

Which lines tell of the sandpiper's attitude toward the maiden?

Why doesn't he show fear?

How does the sandpiper observe the maiden?

Why does he do so?

What question does the maiden ask? Why?

Which line tells of her comfortable shelter?

What does she ask of him?

What does she say of him?

Why does she think so?

II

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mjolner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night wind
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's Day!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "The Saga of King Olaf"*

Thought Analysis:

Picture the isolated, frost-bound Northland with its snow and icebergs. Note the gigantic Thor standing on these heights and thundering to the nations of the earth. Note his introduction of himself, the location of his home, brief description, and statement of what he does.

Why does he repeat this last idea in the lines:

"Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;"?

Note the symbols of his power, the hammer, the gauntlets, the girdle, and the effect and significance of each.

Picture the northern lights, their movement and effect. Note his explanation of this light and the purpose of same.

Suggested Questions:

What three things does Thor say of himself in his introduction?

He says he is where?

What does he call his Northland?

He says he does what there?

What are all about him in his Northland?

What does he do amid them?

What does he say of his hammer?

What does he say of his gauntlets?

What does he say of his girdle?
What is meant by "thou beholdest?"
What does he say the light is?
What causes it?
What effect has it on the nations?
Who is Jove?
What are Thor's eyes?
What is the thunder?
What is the earthquake?
What does he say of Force? of Meekness? of Strength?
What boast does he make?

The thought analysis as suggested in these studies should always precede any attempt to read or memorize a poem. The thought analysis is but an attempt to make a sharp and fitting association between form and content, and any reading or memory work worthy of the name must establish and preserve this association. Furthermore, the study of content through form intensifies both form and content and greatly reduces the time and energy required for memory work.

Teachers may be surprised to know that many classes will give a poem from memory after a study and reading if the teachers will but follow some such plan as indicated in the suggested questions. Little extra time and effort will be required to make the poem the possession of each individual. Of all the useless and inexcusable drudgery imposed upon children the most pernicious, inexcusable and useless is the memorizing of poems by rote — with rhyme but *without reason*.

III

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing to herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Amid Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

—*Wordsworth*

In the thought analysis of the poem the teacher must center the mind upon the detailed thought which unified makes up the organic whole. To direct the attention is to arouse the curiosity and to stimulate the interest. The analysis and meaning are within the poem, not without. So, too, are all the facts and factors. The teacher must keep in mind that the reader, not the poem, is the exhaustible quantity. She must press the analysis to the limits of class capacity, and may then supplement according to the needs of the poem or the interest and ambition of the class. The manner in which the author's thought unfolds itself, is the key to the method and manner of analysis. To illustrate:

"Behold her" is addressed to the reader for the purpose of arousing the curiosity and of directing the interest. This curiosity, the genesis of interest, is directed to the solitary maiden who reaps and sings to herself. The expression "Highland Lass" locates the maiden in place. It calls to mind the peculiar costume of the Highland Scotch, and at the same time suggests the rugged, mountainous country with which that costume is associated. The "reap-

ing" locates the time in season. The first three lines then set the theme in time and place.

The reference to the "Highland Lass" is suggestive of a field of golden grain lying in a valley on either side of which lie vine-clad hills and rugged peaks, the highest of which perhaps tower above the snow line. Over valley, foot-hills and towering peaks, stretches the infinite, cloud-flecked sky. Over all the landscape the checkered sunshine and shadows play. The significance of the picture is to define clearly the individual setting in which the author finds his theme.

In the fourth line the poet turns the attention from the maiden and her setting to the quality of the song which she sings. He intensifies our interest in the singing by the evident reluctance to permit an interruption as evidenced in the line

"Stop here, or gently pass."

After the attention has been transferred to the quality of the singing the poet-artist turns the attention back to her task in order to emphasize especially the quality of her singing by contrasting the drudgery of her labor with the uplift of her song. The nature of the music is suggested by the word "melancholy" to picture the harmony between her feelings and the loneliness of her surroundings. This loneliness has been emphasized by the repeated expressions: "single," "solitary," and "alone."

The poet then forcibly directs the attention to the song, in the lines:

"Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound."

The quality of this singing is held before the mind by the comparisons which the poet makes between this wild outburst of melody and other melodies piped or sung under the

most favorable conditions for impressing the hearers with their sweetness and beauty. The notes of the maiden are first compared to the notes of the nightingale as she sings to a weary, thirsty, travel-stained band of travelers who have journeyed all day under the burning sun over the hot and pitiless Arabian desert. Her notes, suggestive of the oasis with its shelter from the sun, and water to quench the thirst, will seem at their sweetest and best. The notes of the sweet-singing nightingale under the most favorable circumstances do not surpass the notes of the solitary maiden in sweetness and uplift. Thus the quality of the maiden's singing is intensified by the contrast.

This quality of the maiden's singing is still further intensified by a comparison with the notes of the cuckoo hailing the advent of spring among the northern islands after the frosts and cold and storms of winter. The cuckoo's notes now seem at their sweetest and best because of their suggestiveness of the approach of the springtime, but the song of the maiden is more beautiful, and again the quality of the singing has been intensified by contrast. These comparisons signify that the most musical of nature's melodies have seldom equalled, and have never surpassed the wild beauty of the maiden's song. Thus the highest intensity is given to the maiden's singing.

At this point in the poem the poet anticipates the reader's wish and asks, "Will no one tell me what she sings?" In the use of the word "perhaps" as he attempts to answer his question and ours, the poet hints that he doesn't know the theme of that particular bit of music, and suggests that the universal flow of music from the soul, not the particular embodiment, is the all-important. The poet suggests that the maiden may be singing a song of national defeat in battle or a lamentation for the fallen heroes. He also suggests that her loss may be personal, not national; it may be

a family loss through death; or family ties may have been broken through separations. All of these themes are melancholy in nature and are therefore suggested.

The poet re-emphasizes his lack of knowledge of the individual theme by the lines:

"Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending,"

and brings to mind forcibly that the uplift is in the singing, not in the song.

The effect of the song is pictured in the lines:

"I listened, motionless and still,
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore."

The poem as a whole attests to the triumph of the spirit over the material limitations and conditions of life. It witnesses, too, the influence which one individual has upon another in stimulating him to the higher things in life. For example:

"I listened, motionless and still,"

and

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

The teacher may find it profitable to contrast the final thought with the central thought in Emerson's "Each and All." The significance of the following lines may profit by the comparison:

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent."

The following lines from Dunbar's humbler note may also be called up for comparison :

" Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me,—
And then with throes of bitter pain,
Rebellious passions rise and swell—
But—Life is more than fruit and grain—
And so I sing and all is well."

Questions Suggested for Directing the Study of the Text:

" Behold her " is addressed to whom and for what purpose?

To what is the attention next directed?

How does the poet picture this solitary maiden more vividly?

The first three lines of the poem have what bearing on the theme?

What is the significance of the picture as thus defined?

What is the significance of the fourth line?

How does the poet intensify the interest in the singing?

Why does he repeat the fact of her doing?

How is the nature of the music suggested and why?

How has this loneliness been emphasized?

How is the attention again centered upon the singing?

In what manner is the quality of the singing held before the mind?

To what are the notes of the maiden first compared?

What is the significance of the contrast?

With what other singing is the maiden's compared and under what conditions?

What is the significance of these comparisons?

- How does the poet anticipate the reader?
- What is the significance of the word "perhaps"?
- What suggestions are made concerning the theme?
- Why are these suggestions made?
- How does the poet emphasize his lack of knowledge of the particular theme? Why?
- How does the poet indicate the effect of the song?
- What is the significance of the poem as a whole?
- What is the value of comparing the central thought of the poem with other poems?
- How may the poem be most economically and effectively memorized after the thought analysis has been made?
- What is the value of memorizing any poem?
- What may be the outcome of constantly associating elevated thought with artistic form?

IV

THE DAY IS DONE

(Study and Contrast)

The day is done and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like a benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.

—Longfellow

V

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—Wordsworth

CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT STONE FACE

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother,

"we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!" His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from the happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. For the secret was that the

boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone.

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the seas. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that

whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to

believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bel-
lowed:

“He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!”

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!”

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught

him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. The man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea

had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest and all the other people of the valley left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of green boughs and laurel surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any words that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountainside.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountainside, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effects of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain. "Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to un-

worldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearers had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,—when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes,—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency.

Before this time,—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the way to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confident nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling

melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipices flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent:

for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however,

did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then added, smiling, "Me-thinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom,

and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned to the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even

—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?”

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Twice-Told Tales."*

Thought Analysis:

The prose-poet introduces the subject of his theme by picturing a mother and her little boy sitting at the door of their cottage, at sunset, talking about the Great Stone Face which was "plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all of its features."

Note should be made of the fact that the Great Stone Face is named and held before the mind by the description which follows, while the mother and her little boy as persons are merely mentioned incidentally. Thus the Great Stone Face is made the dominant influence in the picture. This dominance is further accentuated by the reference to the influence upon children who grew up in its presence and to the sublime qualities of character attributed to it.

After thus making dominant the Great Stone Face, the attention is directed to the opening scene. Through the remark: "The child's name was Ernest," and in the conversation between mother and child which follows, the attention is centered upon Ernest. In the smile of the Ti-

tanic visage and the response of Ernest, there is borne in upon consciousness the fact that the theme has to do with these two as central figures.

Through the remark of Ernest: "If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly," and in the reply of the mother: "If an old prophecy should come to pass, we may see a man some time or other, with exactly such a face as that," the movement toward the ideal is made possible. The fact is thus revealed that the story has to do with things that are to be.

Note the prophecy carefully—its age, its influence as an unrealized ideal, its promise of things to be. Note the effect of the prophecy upon Ernest, the attitude of the mother. Note the significance of:

"And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face."

The problem is now set. Will Ernest live to see the person who will resemble the Great Stone Face? By what standard will Ernest measure him? Will the others also recognize him and estimate him by the same standards?

Note the influence the Great Stone Face as an ideal had upon Ernest:

"He assisted his mother much with his little hands and more with his loving heart. He grew from a happy yet thoughtful child to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught in famous schools. Yet Ernest had no teacher save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. The secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone."

This differentiation from other people records the unconscious growth toward an ideal.

These facts all bear witness to the silent but potent influences of a contemplated ideal.

The second step in the development of the theme is through various tests to determine whether Ernest will recognize and be loyal to the ideal when it is beset by sordid, worldly resemblances.

The first test is through wealth as an ideal in the person of Gathergold; the second through military fame in the person of Old Blood-and-Thunder; the third through oratory and statesmanship in the person of Old Stony Phiz; and the fourth through the man of insight, feeling and emotion, the poet. The first is the test of boyhood; the second of youth or young manhood; the third of middle age, and the fourth of old age.

In the study of Gathergold, image conditions clearly and note the difference in ideals between Ernest and the unthinking multitudes.

"The people bellowed: 'He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!'

"But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed upon the valley where he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. The benign lips seemed to say:

"'He will come! Fear not, Ernest, the man will come.'"

Ernest had penetrated the glamor and superficiality and vulgarity of mere wealth and had discerned the larger and more worthy ideal which the people contemplated not.

This a study of Ernest the boy. In boyhood he holds true to the ideal.

"The years went on and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate on the Great Stone Face. It was a pardonable

folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. The Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him."

The author estimates the influence and worth of such a teacher in his remark, speaking of the other people of the valley:

"They knew not that the sentiment which was expressed in it (the Great Stone Face), would enlarge the young man's heart and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives."

In this comment the author hints of the coming power and worth of Ernest—his growth toward the ideal. But he assures us that Ernest was not conscious of the transition.

"Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the field and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him."

Image clearly the conditions pertaining to Old Blood-and-Thunder, through whom the second test was made.

Note the transition in thought at the close of this study. As the deep gaze of Ernest penetrated the external, he sighed and said:

"This is not the man of prophecy. And must the world wait longer yet?"

This time, as he turned his gaze through the mists to the "grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face," hope was rekindled by the smile that beamed over the whole visage. But this time the voice spoke from within. Something had passed from the Great Stone Face to Ernest.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart even as if the Great Stone Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest."

In the test of youth Ernest rings true to the ideal.

In the introduction to the study of Old Stony Phiz the author makes a nearer approach to the central idea of his unfolding theme as he pictures the result of the persistent contemplation of the ideal as follows:

"More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken."

This emphasis on the character and work and worth of Ernest turns the mind to Ernest and endows him with some attributes hinted at as belonging to the Great Stone Face. This emphasis on the character and endowments of Ernest prepares the mind for the revelation which is to be the climax of the unfolding theme.

In contemplating Old Stony Phiz, Ernest looked through the actual to the possible.

"He fancied there was a resemblance between the face of Old Stony Phiz and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow with its massive depth and loftiness, and all of the other features, indeed, were bold and strong."

But when he had concentrated his gaze upon the actual, "he looked in vain for the grand expression of divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage. *Something had been originally left out or had departed.*

"Ernest turned away, melancholy and almost despondent, for this was the saddest of his disappointments, *to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so.*"

Here Ernest feels the tension between the real, the actual, as embodied in Old Stony Phiz, and the ideal, the possible. He hints, too, that only through conscious choice and purposed action can the individual move from the actual to the possible, from the real to the ideal.

After the cavalcade and shouting throng had swept past, Ernest found himself alone with his ideal.

"The Great Stone Face was revealed again with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries."

An undimmed and untarnished ideal!

"'Lo here I am, Ernest,' the benign lips seemed to say. 'I have waited longer than thou and am not yet weary. Fear not, the man will come.'"

In the test of middle age Ernest still holds true to his ideal.

In the following paragraph are recorded changes in Ernest corresponding to and in harmony with the chang-

ing years. Here, too, is mirrored the fact of Ernest's approach to and identification with the ideal.

"The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, *his face would kindle and shine upon them as with a mild evening light*. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley paused to look at the Great Stone Face, *they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.*"

The final test was through the poet and his songs. As he read the stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming upon him so benignantly:

"'O majestic friend,' he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, 'is not this man worthy to resemble thee?' The Face seemed to smile but answered not a word."

Now follows the deep desire of the poet, the man of insight, to meet this man, Ernest, "whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life."

The bond of mutual sympathy and admiration between the men of deep feeling and conviction is beautifully expressed by the author:

"Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside.

"So thought the poet.

"Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty."

Ernest listened to the conversation of the poet, studied his countenance, then turned to his ideal, the Great Stone Face, and shook his head and sighed. The real and the ideal were not yet at one.

The meeting of the man of poetic insight and Ernest paved the way for the final movement in the development of the theme—the revealment. All the necessary conditions had been made, and there remained but for the man of discernment to proclaim the resemblance of Ernest to the Great Stone Face, the identity of the real and the ideal.

Picture clearly the background of nature, the natural pulpit and setting, the assembled multitude, the glory of the departing sunshine, the solemnity and grandeur of the Great Stone Face.

"Ernest began to speak of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet as he listened felt that the being and character of Ernest were a

nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistered with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it."

With climactic effect the author directs the attention to the Great Stone Face lit up by the fading glory of the setting sun, with the hoary mists about its head like the white hairs about the brows of Ernest. The real and the ideal are in juxtaposition!

As Ernest's face lighted up with the thought and emotion which he was about to express, with an irresistible impulse, the poet threw his arms aloft and shouted:

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face."

"And all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true."

The real and the ideal were become at one!

In all the tests of boyhood, youth, middle age and old age, amid all the clamor and confusion of shortsightedness and sordid interests, Ernest had unswervingly held to the contemplation of a great ideal. By a life devoted to the ideal, without selfishness and without deviation; by a life of high thinking and worthy action; by sympathy and love and kindness, the great ideal had been attained; the *is* and the *ought-to-be* had been harmonized; the real and the ideal had become at one.

But true to his beautiful and childlike simplicity to the last,

"Ernest still hoped that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the *GREAT STONE FACE*."

Thus is taught the great lesson of life. Men and nations are as their ideals are. Both become what they *will* to become. By worthy contemplation and noble thinking; by virtuous acting and the harmonizing of thought and act, are worthy ideals of life achieved, do the real and the ideal become at one.

CHAPTER VIII

TYPE STUDIES

NATHAN HALE

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance;—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOL

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found:
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty:
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words.
A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

—*Francis M. Finch*

Thought Analysis:

This poem deals with ideal courage, or patriotism, at its highest and best. If rightly taught it will teach ideals of courage, of patriotism and of individual worth. It will teach that the larger life is not circumscribed by dates and years nor the interests of the temporal self, but that intensity and sublimity of life are measured by the quantity and quality of the service of that life. It may hint, too, that in the fulness of life through the largeness of service the highest and best interests of self are served. To stir the emotions and imagination; to incite the intellect and move the will; to set up new ideas and ideals, is the privilege of the teacher in the teaching of this simple, but great, poem.

To give zest and spirit to the poem the teacher, in an interesting and animated way, should picture the historical incidents which furnish data for the theme: the retreat of Washington's army from Long Island—Washington's desire for information concerning the position and strength of the enemy—the volunteering of young Hale—his capture—condemnation—execution.

In the study of the poem itself the first stanza suggests the events moving toward the culmination of the tragedy:

“To drum-beat and heart-beat,” etc.,

suggest to the imagination a fearless young soldier, a mere boy, with arms manacled, head erect, a grim-visaged sol-

dier of England on either hand. In front, the drummers tattoo the death-march on muffled drums. Behind him is a platoon of British soldiers with bayonets fixed and muskets in position;—all move with solemn, measured tread, and unfaltering step toward the fatal noose that dangles from the gnarled limb of an old tree. The grim tragedy of this moving picture is intensified by the poet by his reference to the "blue morn, the sunny morn," with their silent appeal to the joyous activity of mere living.

"To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by."

The drum-beat, breaking the Sabbath stillness, beats in on the brain of the boy the nearness of approaching death, grim, pitiless, irresistible. This is a situation which might well appall the stoutest heart and blanch the sternest veteran's cheek, yet

"There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye."

Whence came this sustaining courage, this sublime self-possession, at life's tragic close? When this question has been brought to the mind of the reader, the poet turns the attention to the conditions under which the dangerous task was undertaken and performed—the moonlight, the starlight, the rustling flag, the sentry's tramp, the slow tread, the still tread, the tented line, the battery guns, the gaunt and shadowy pine, the eagle-eyed sentry, the capture. Note the suggestion here made to the alertness and vigilance of the trained soldier. While the spy makes no sound to disturb the silences, his presence is betrayed to the veteran on duty by the flitting lights and shadows. This alertness is still further intensified by the fact that the presence of the sentinel is unknown to Hale until he is suddenly seized.

"With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom."

The imagination, borrowing its materials from a knowledge of the customs of war, must now picture the trial scene: the judge, the officers, the prisoner, the sentry, the verdict, the passing of the sentence, the effect upon the prisoner. The wonderful self-possession is mirrored all through this stanza:

"With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;"

That this is no transient feeling assumed for the occasion, but a reflection of the inner man, the author assures us in the closing lines of the stanza:

"With calm brow, steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb."

The next stanza pictures the last night of life and intensifies still further the heroic self-possession and high resolve of the ill-fated young champion of a forlorn hope. This stanza deals with the preparation for the death and the circumstances surrounding and attending that preparation. Had the conditions been less intense the test of moral grandeur would have been less perfect. The teacher should have the readers picture all the sublimity and pathos of that long night, that still night, as he knelt upon the sod. She should bring out the test of spiritual endurance by the denial of the Bible which the youth had hoped to lean on for comfort and consolation. She should see shaping in that night of prayer his heroic resolve to follow the path of duty regardless, even as the Master had re-

solved in his night of agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. In all reverence there should echo in the hearts of the readers "Thy will, not mine, be done," with all its sublimity and grandeur.

With this movement the poet turns the attention to the scene pictured in the first stanza and which the developed theme has fully explained. He anticipates our desire to know whether the heroic resolve and sublime self-possession remain to the end, and our satisfaction and admiration are complete when we are assured that his only regret is that he has but one life to lose for liberty.

The teacher should emphasize the shortsightedness of the executioners, who believed that by destroying his last message, breathing the very spirit of patriotism and devotion to a cause, the influence of the example would be lessened, the lesson thus taught would be lost. This action but served to intensify the feeling for the tragic consequences and caused the poet to assure us that a courage so splendid in a cause so just had secured an earthly immortality for the victim and the hero of the tragedy.

So far the study has been of an individual instance of heroic courage sublimely tested and in every detail ringing true to the test. It has been a study of ideal courage because a mere boy volunteered to secure desired information, regardless of the consequences to himself and with a full knowledge of the exactions of war and of the fearful risk which duty thus demanded. It has been ideal because the young man, cultured, surrounded by friends and opportunities, with the ambitions of youth and every possibility for their realization, found life at its highest and best. It has been ideal because at such a time it would be most difficult to surrender life with all of its promise and hope and assurance. It has been ideal because this boy, in the face of all of these conditions, was willing to sacrifice

his life, if need be, in order that his country might have life and have it more abundantly. This study has been worth while even though the reader does not rise above this individual and particular analysis of the poem. But are there not greater horizons to this poem? Does it not suggest a more universal message?

The teacher should now cause the readers to picture again the historical setting of the poem. They should feel the strain and stress that is on the incipient nation. They should keenly feel the effect of that strain and stress, not only on the men and boys, but also upon the matrons and maidens. They should critically ask themselves whether, in the light of these conditions and feelings, it is reasonable to assume that the hopes and aspirations and the liberty of a people could boast of but one individual champion. Will it not be more reasonable now to think of Nathan Hale as typifying the attitude and purpose and high resolve of young America? Is it too much to assume that "I regret that I have but one life to lay down for my country" is the voice of young America, the sentiment and feeling of the many crystallized in the voice and the deed of the one?

A higher but perfectly legitimate step in the universalizing process may be taken by causing the readers to note carefully the attitude of young America whenever the stress and strain of conflict threatened the life of the nation. In this intensive study of the people's thought and feeling, Nathan Hale will be seen to typify all those who were willing to follow duty fearlessly, regardless of the consequences, and to sacrifice life itself if need be in order that the nation might have life and have it more abundantly. Nathan Hale will thus be seen to speak for all the youths of his own day. He will speak, too, for all the youths since that day who preferred the interests of the

national life to the interests of the individual life. He speaks, too, for all the youths to-day who would willingly sacrifice themselves and deem it a privilege, did the life of the nation require the sacrifice.

A long step has thus been taken in the universalizing process, but the teacher may extend the process until the highest flight is reached when the principle, applied thus far to America, has been extended and applied to any nation, to all nations, until there dawns a consciousness that in any nation, in all nations, there are youths in whom the spirit of Nathan Hale has lived, still lives, who will, in the dark days of their nation's life, go out with fearlessness to sacrifice their individual lives in order that their nation may have life and have it more abundantly.

The study will now have risen above the environment of geographical and historical incidents and will have become a message of patriotism and a type of ideal moral courage which speaks to the universal heart of man, kindling the fires of patriotic ardor and inspiring with devotion to the common good. Through this message Nathan Hale becomes a citizen of a country that knows no boundaries, an ideal of all humanity, and in so far as man may, has gained an earthly immortality.

These are the limits to which the study of the poem may be pressed, but each class, under the inspiring touch of the soulful teacher, will define its own limits, will exhaust its own possibilities.

The universal message hinted at in the analysis of Nathan Hale may be made more concrete and vivid by the study of a similar poem dealing with another time and people. For this study let us turn to the poem of Regulus, the noble Roman.

REGULUS

(Study and Contrast)

Urge me no more—your prayers are vain,
And even the tears ye shed:
When Regulus can lead again
The bands that once he led;
When he can raise your legions slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will he seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death;
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like venom'd serpents wreath'd
Round every limb! If lip and eye
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I curs'd my breath!
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

To darkness and to chains consign'd,
The captive's blighting doom
I recked not; could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth,—I thought to die,—
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy.

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.

They deemed perchance my haughtier mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude;
That he who once was brave—
Was I not brave?—had now become
Estranged from honor as from Rome!

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne;
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn!
Silent their base commands I heard;
At length I pledged a Roman's word
Unshrinking to return.
I go prepared to meet the worst—
But I shall gall proud Carthage first!

They sue for peace,—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear!
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare!
Fools that they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent this wasted frame,
To bribe you to your country's shame!

Your land—I must not call it mine;
No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
And even his father's grave;
But this not now—beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies:
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours;—she knows it well—and you
Shall know and make her feel it too!

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me!
Ye know no longer it is hers,
The empire of the sea;
Ye know her fleets are far and few,
Her hands, a mercenary crew;
And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me;
My vows were heard on high.
Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,
For I return to die.
Then tell not me of hope or life;
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny.
One word concentrates for the slave—
Wife, children, country, all—*THE GRAVE!*

—*Thomas Dale*

Thought Analysis:

To give zest to the study of this poem, the teacher should give a brief sketch of the Roman and Carthaginian empires and the causes and consequences of their rivalry and hatred toward each other. If this is skilfully done much valuable historical data will be sought by the class through well-directed references. While the analysis of any work of art lies within itself, the individual thought upon which it is based will be enhanced by a fulness of historical data and the choice of reading matter will be determined by the study. Thus the study of a poem may be made to serve a double function. The alert teacher will be careful not to permit the study of the poem to degenerate into a discussion of Roman or Carthaginian history because both hap-

pen to be suggested by the poem. Trails and byways may suggest possible excursions for the future, but the trail of to-day must be the determinant of the course to be pursued.

The poem opens with a sharp appeal to the imagination: "Urge me no more." Who speaks? Where does he speak? To whom does he speak and under what circumstances? The reader must picture a scene outside of Imperial Rome. He must see the heroic Roman on the one side and the vast multitude of Romans on the other. The imagination must also think the conditions which preceded the opening lines of the speech of Regulus. The prayers and tears and persuasion of wife and children and kindred and friends and neighbors and Senators have been resorted to to persuade him to give up his determination to return to Carthage and to take his place once more as a citizen of the imperial city. The irrevocableness of his decision is mirrored in the lines:

"When Regulus can lead again
The bands that once he led;
When he can raise your legions slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will he seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!"

The study of this stanza arouses a curiosity to know the conditions that have determined his decision and to know the circumstances that have debarred him from participating in the freeman's privileges as a Roman. The next stanza turns the attention to conditions and incidents in Carthage preceding the scene just portrayed.

Here, too, the imagination must fill in the details. The battle must be fought, the Roman legions destroyed, the great commander rendered senseless, as a prelude to the

thought of the second stanza. Through the exercise of the imagination the reader must feel with Regulus the humiliation of captivity, must feel the internal agitation and the perfect external control; must feel the force and significance of the lines:

"Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?"

In the third stanza the conditions of captivity are artistically blended with the spirit of the captive. This spirit is vividly expressed in the lines:

"The captive's blighting doom
I recked not."

The reason for this sublime indifference is forcibly expressed in:

"Could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom?"

The reader must next see the captive led forth; must feel the reason with him; must learn with him the real reason, and note his attitude and feelings as he received the message which he was to bear to his countrymen. He must feel also what was going on in the heart and mind of the captive as he heard these admonitions in silence. The attitude of mind is hinted at in these lines:

"They deemed perchance my haughtier mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude;
That he who once was brave—
Was I not brave?—had now become
Estranged from honor as from Rome!"

But in the following stanza his resolve is fully shown. Regulus turns to the Carthaginian ambassadors who have

accompanied him to Rome and who have laid the demands of Carthage before the Roman officials, and speaking of the officials of Carthage who have sent him on the errand, exclaims:

"They bade me to my country bear
The message these have borne;
They would have trained my lips to swear
Which never yet have sworn!

Then he justifies his coming as he expresses his attitude and explains his purpose:

"Silent their base commands I heard;"

and in the following stanza:

—"I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear;
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare!"

His reason for this advice in the following lines:

"Fools that they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
The struggles of despair?"

The resources of Carthage were exhausted and less than peace spelled disaster. So Regulus knows and impresses upon his hearers as he continues:

"Your land—beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies;
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours;—she knows it well, and you
Shall know and make her feel it too."

With climactic effect the poet reënforces this statement by

the testimony of the Carthaginian ambassadors, who testify by their attitude. This is shown in the lines:

"Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me;
Ye know no longer it is hers,
The empire of the sea;—
Ye know her fleets are far and few,
Her bands a mercenary crew."

His attitude and purpose as an ambassador to his own country have now been fully revealed, but there remains to be explained his determination to return to Carthage regardless of the consequences. If there is no valid reason for this, if it is a determination based on whim or caprice, it is foolhardiness and not moral courage. The explanation of this attitude must be sought for in the poem itself. We find the explanation in the lines:

"At length I pledged a Roman's word
Unshrinking to return."

And also in the line:

"My vows were heard on high."

These lines place the emphasis upon truth and duty as contrasted with individual preference or pleasure. The devotion to duty regardless of consequences, the placing of fidelity to word and principle, above life and the pleasures pertaining thereto, lift the study to the plane of heroic moral courage, a type of the ideal.

The worth of the sacrifice is intensified by the poet as he pictures through the lips of the hero what the sacrifice means.

"Your land—I must not call it mine—
No country has the slave;

His father's name he must resign,
And even his father's grave."

And also in the lines:

"Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,
For I return to die.
Then tell not me of hope or life;
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny.
One word concentrers for the slave—
Wife, children, country, all—THE GRAVE!"

The theme as a type may be universalized after the manner indicated in the study of Nathan Hale. Both poems may be intensified and enhanced by contrasting the central thought or theme of the one with that of the other.

These poems may now be contrasted with a study from Athenian life embodied in the poem "Pheidippides."

PHEIDIPPIDES

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise
Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of the ægis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!"

Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I
obeyed,
Ran and raced; like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city; two days, two nights did I
burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke; breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the
stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er de-
struction's brink?
How—when? No care for my limbs!—there's lightning in all
and some—
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering,—the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from
dry wood:
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye
must'!"

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment—too weighty the issue at stake!
Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the gods!

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Athens, except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered
to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
—Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet "O gods of my land!" I cried as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you ere-
while?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to enwreath
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure?—at least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebos, thus I
obey—

Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge
Better!"—when—ha! what was it I came on, of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft sat he—majestical Pan!
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
“Halt, Pheidippides!”—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
“Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?” he gracious began:
“How is it,—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

“Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of
old?

Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go say to Athens, ‘The Goat-God
saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and
least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the
bold!’

“Say Pan saith: ‘Let this, foreshowing the place, be the
pledge!’”

(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear—
Fennel—I grasped it a-tremble with dew—whatever it bode)

“While, as for thee” . . . But enough! He was gone. I ran
hitherto—

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air was my road:
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's
edge!

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. “And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?

Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his
strength

Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may
grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then,—no Athens to save,—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees,—recount how the God was awful yet kind.
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more; the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout." He flung down his
shield,

Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennelfield
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through
clay,

Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice!" his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god
loved so well;

He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered
to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,

So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:

"Athens is saved!"—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his
need.

—*Robert Browning*

Thought Analysis:

The teacher may precede the study of this poem by an animated description of the Persian-Grecian contact and conflict up to and including the battle of Marathon. This should be graphic, vivid, animated, picturesque. The interest which may be aroused in this manner will bear wholesome fruit in well-directed supplementary reading along historical lines. This historical study should be an outgrowth of the study of the poem, but the study should not be dissipated and enervated by dwelling upon the facts of history rather than on the incidents of the poem itself.

The opening lines of the poem focus the attention on the central character, Pheidippides, and arouse a curiosity as to his attitude of mind in this preliminary religious salute. The curiosity thus aroused will have been enhanced if the imagination has pictured the scene in Athens where the message of Pheidippides is to be delivered. The curiosity is still further aroused by the exaltation of Pan and the eulogy addressed to him. A desire to know the cause of this fervent outburst impels the reader to seek the cause in the incidents which follow.

The interest which has been aroused is held in abeyance while the facts, which give significance to the message which is to be delivered, are narrated. The rapidity with which the messenger has performed the task assigned, as well as

the physical strain to which he has been subjected, are vividly set forth in the line:

"See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!"

The suddenness of his appearance in Sparta as well as the deliberateness of that people are well suggested by the line:

"Into their midst I broke;"

the verb broke being especially significant. The attitude of the Athenians and their expectations are set forth in the lines:

"Persia has come!

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves-tribute, water and earth."

The unexpected reluctance of the Spartans to befriend Athens in her stress is mirrored in the lines:

"—— Shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the
stander-by?"

The lack of response at this appeal to the pride and self-respect of the Spartans is revealed in the line:

"Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er
destruction's brink?"

In the lines:

"How—when? No care for my limbs," etc.,

Pheidippides pictures his own eagerness to carry a message of hope and encouragement to his despairing and anxious countrymen.

The final decision of the Spartans to the appeal of the Athenians is anticipated in the lines:

"O my Athens—Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?"

which is followed by the message itself with climactic effect.

The message is also anticipated in the graphic lines:

"Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice,—each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!"

Note the effect of the alliteration and especially of the use of "gratified."

The exasperating deliberateness of the Spartans is eloquently expressed in the line:

"Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses."

Pheidippides reveals the unexpectedness of this attitude on the part of the Spartans in saying:

"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?"

He shows, too, that he anticipates the outcome of their deliberations and debates in his:

"Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibus and Artemis, clang them 'ye
must'!"

Strongly significant is the exclamation:

"No bolt launched from Olumpus!"

The anticipated answer of the Spartans to the appeal of the Athenians is finally revealed in the lines:

"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta be-
friend?"

Nowise precipitate judgment,—too weighty the issues at stake."

(These lines reveal, too, the exasperating deliberateness and indifference of the Spartans with artistic effect.)

"Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the gods!

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circled her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend."

Thus under the guise of a religious pretense Sparta gratifies jealousy of Athens.

The patriotic impulses of Pheidippides are couched in the line:

"Athens, except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mouldered to ash!"

It also furnished an opportunity to relate the incidents following the expression of the Spartans without a break in the narration. The mind follows Pheidippides in his movement as well as in his expressed thought as he exclaims:

"That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I
back,
Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile."

The theme now returns to the interest aroused at the opening of the poem and the explanation is to be given of the attitude of Pheidippides as he preceded his report with a ceremony or rite. After the Spartans have expressed their indifference, Pheidippides seeks the cause for their attitude toward Athens, and he finally attributes it to the indifference or impotence of the gods whom the Athenians delight to worship. This is shown in the exclamation:

"O gods of my land—have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?

Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!"

This resentment toward the gods for their negligence is further intensified by:

"Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to enwreathe
Brows made bold by your leaf."

This attitude of resentment toward the gods who have permitted the Spartans to deny aid reaches its climax in the appeal of Pheidippides to the barren mountain peak, and in which he expends his childlike fury in the lines:

"At least I can breathe,—
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

At this point in the development the chaotic condition of Pheidippides' mind, suggested by his outbursts, is artistically contrasted with the wild and confused physical conditions of the country, and at this point Pan is introduced in person with artistic effect. This throws the mind back to the beginning of the poem, and the reader anticipates an explanation of the eulogy to Pan. The significance of god-service, without reward or rite or ceremony, is suggested in the lines:

"How is it—Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?
Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast?
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend!"

In the following expression of Pan a new interest is aroused which impels the reader to move forward in the reading. This is embodied in the significant expression:

"Test Pan, trust me!" This interest is still further strengthened by the promise of Pan:

"Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God
saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and
least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and
the bold!"

'Let this foreshowing the place, be the pledge!'"

In his description of the remainder of the journey Pheidippides reveals the faith and inspiration of the promise of Pan. His childlike simplicity is echoed back by the Athenians as they accept unquestioned his statements, descriptions, and fennel-proof.

Another interest is here injected into the poem, an interest which is pivotal in character, the key to the significance of the poem as a whole. This interest centers around the personal reward promised Pheidippides by Pan. This interest is further intensified by the anticipation shown by Pheidippides in response to a question by Miltiades, who prefaced his query with a Spartanlike acknowledgment of Pheidippides' work and worth:

"And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?
Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her son!"

This personal request of the great commander of the Athenian forces serves to dignify the promise and to center the attention upon it and also upon what Pheidippides believes it purports. The element of suspense is again introduced to be held to the end of the poem. This suspense is sug-

gested by the exclamation: "Unforeseeing one!" The preliminary interest as to Pan's promise and performance is first gratified in order that the mind may give full measure of attention to the individual reward and its significance. To Pheidippides is accorded the privilege of bearing to his anxious kindred and friends in Athens the news of the triumph of Athenian valor. He realizes the culmination of earthly joy when he bears the message: "Rejoice! we conquer!"

This ending, the climax of the poem, should be intensified by vividly picturing the suspense which the old men, the women and the children were under at Athens during the progress of the battle, and their mingled hopes and fears as they beheld the coming of the messenger, uncertain whether he bore news of defeat and disaster—slavery for them and annihilation for their beloved city—or victory and triumph and liberty and life! These were conditions the most intense. Tidings of great joy would now be at their highest and best. No greater joy could man experience than to be the bearer of great news under such conditions. Never again could the "bravest runner of Greece" find a task equally worthy. Significant it is that the gods grant him release from the racer's toil at this supreme moment. Borne on the crest of a triumphant wave, he rises from earthly to celestial glory, from transient and local to eternal fame.

"So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god
loved so well;

He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered
to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but gloriously as he began
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:

'Athens is saved!'—Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed."

What then is the central purpose or theme of the poem? Surely it is no less than the portrayal of an individual's faithfulness to duty under ideal circumstances. Ideal because these conditions are hardest and therefore highest and best. It is the portrayal of fidelity to duty when the life of a city and its people are at stake. It is an ideal blending of fidelity and faith to and in gods and men. It points to the fact that the path of duty is the highest and best even though it leads to death itself, for death encountered in devotion to duty is in itself a reward. Does the poem, however, merely pertain to Athenian life of ancient days, or does it hint a more universal message? Did this devotion of Pheidippides to duty to gods and country exhaust the possibilities of such devotion to duty? Is it not more reasonable to assume that devotion to duty knows no people nor country, but is peculiar to all countries and peoples and at all times, and in this common heritage of devotion to high principles even at the cost of individual life is found the essence and the genesis of the meaning of the brotherhood of man? The man who finds life and duty to be synonymous terms and who squares his theory with his practice, gains an earthly immortality that knows no geographical limits and serves as an inspiration to all people in all countries for all time.

(Compare and contrast this poem with "Regulus" and "Nathan Hale.")

CHAPTER IX

CONTRASTED STUDIES

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.

From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,

"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
 Burst from him in resistless overflow,
 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
 The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
 Ambassadors of great repute and name
 From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
 Then he departed with them o'er the sea
 Into the lovely land of Italy,
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
 And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
 King Robert rode, making huge merriment
 In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
 Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
 Giving his benediction and embrace,
 Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
 While with congratulations and with prayers
 He entertained the Angel unawares,
 Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
 Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.
In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.
And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;

And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the king?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven."

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold:
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—*Longfellow.*

Thought Analysis:

In the opening lines of this poem:

"Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaigne,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,

On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat,"

the central character is introduced, his station in life defined, his self-sufficiency intimated. His position in life as King of Sicily, and the positions of his brothers as pope and emperor, indicate that he is of royal birth and holds his place and power not by virtue of inherent worth but by virtue of family rank. His retinue of many a knight and squire indicate his power. His magnificent attire is suggestive of the pomp and splendor of great wealth. His attitude in church, as hinted at in the significant words, "proudly sat," testify to his self-centered attitude of mind. His bowed head is merely a matter of form. There is no obeisance of spirit toward the higher, spiritual influences which surround him. This contrast of the man with the real demands of his position as a leader is heightened by the suggestion that he is unlearned in the classic language of the service and must needs be enlightened by the more learned servant who interprets the chant: "Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles," in the words, "He has put down the mighty from their seat and has exalted them of low degree."

In this chant is set the problem of the poem. Wealth, power, station in life, may be the results of the accident of birth, but real individual worth is purposed by the inner man.

King Robert's lack of individual, intrinsic worth is revealed in his mutterings. These mutterings, too, imply the challenge of the truth of the chant so far as he is concerned. This attitude of mind and the challenge are couched in the lines:

"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is *no power* can *push me* from *my throne!*"

His contempt for things spiritual is shown in the expression, "Only by priests," for the priest stands as the leader toward things spiritual and the mediator with the spiritual. The King in his self-sufficiency does not recognize the one nor feel any need for the other. This attitude of contempt and indifference is further shown by the line:

"And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep."

With the closing of the first stanza the problem is set and its character and movement suggested if not defined. This problem is to bring to the consciousness of the King the mighty truth of the majestic lines:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."

In the second stanza a sharp contrast is presented. The self assurance of King Robert, when possessed of wealth and power and consciousness of position, has gone, and we have pictured an individual beside himself with fear and anger. This fear and anger are betrayed by his tumultuous knocking and shouting, which are indicative of anything but kingliness and dignified self-possession. This lack of self assurance and dignity are shown in his shout to the Sexton:

"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"

and is still further suggested by the attitude of the Sexton:

"The frightened sexton . . .
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;"

and again in the lines:

"A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who . . .
Leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished."

Now the reader feels the truth is being made manifest. King Robert has been deprived of power, noted in the absence of his royal retinue, and of wealth, in being "despoiled of his magnificent attire." In the repetition of the opening lines of the poem the reader is made aware that the ties of royal family still bind him to his kingliness.

Absence of self-possession is again emphasized in the lines:

"Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane,
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,"

and then the author presents a magnificent contrast between the midnight blackness of the King's despair and the light and peace in the spiritual presence:

"Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blasing with light and breathing with perfume."

In the spiritual presence, the Angel which should possess the throne, King Robert is brought face to face with the ideal, a fact which he has failed, and still fails, to recognize. He is also brought face to face with the fact that he has been deprived of wealth and power and position. This truth does not flash permanently into consciousness, but momentarily only as witnessed in the lines:

"A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed."

The contrast between Robert as he is and King Robert as he ought to be is mirrored sharply in the lines:

"Who met *his look of anger and surprise*
With the divine compassion of his eyes."

This is again intensified in the following lines:

"Who art thou, and why comest thou here?"
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne."

In the lines:

"Suddenly at these audacious words
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords,"

the king receives a further hint that there is a power which has deprived him of wealth and position. But hints are of no avail, so King Robert must needs become the court fool, must wear the jester's bells and scalloped cape, must become a servant to servants, in order that he may learn the lesson of the littleness of selfishness and the largeness of service, may learn that the larger self-ish-ness is compassed by the larger altruism.

Pathetic to the spectator, but merely maddening to him, is the fact that his own followers are

"Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,"

and so

"They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs."

This utter loss of the respect of his former followers is voiced in the lines:

"A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of his men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring,
With the mock plaudits of 'Long live the King!'"

In the expression, "his heart failed," there is a suggestion that King Robert is coming to a consciousness of the real situation which confronts him. The "mock plaudits" of his followers seem to bring to his consciousness the fact that they fail to recognize anything kingly in King Robert and therefore feel neither kinship nor fellowship with him. But the night spent on a bed of straw instead of on a royal couch, surrounded by dumb animals instead of courtly retainers, fails to bring a full sense of the situation in which he is. He says, "It was a dream." The external evidence dispels this thought but fails to bring a sense of humility and self-abnegation.

King Robert has lost external wealth and place and power. He has left the ties which bind him to Emperor Valmond and Pope Urbane. He has left, too, the potential possibility of inherent worth. These family ties prevent him from realizing the situation, noting the cause, effecting the cure. This is well shown in the stanza which tells that during the reign of the Angel, the spiritual ideal, peace and plenty dwell in the land. But

"Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,"

with no thought of self-abnegation or of self-regeneration.

"Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—*he still was unsubdued.*"

King Robert fails to realize the limitations of self, and therefore to grasp the significance of the changed conditions.

The Angel (of his better nature) seeks to aid him to remove this limitation by making him face the problem in the question:

"Art thou the King?"

but King Robert shows his old, unsubdued, self-limited spirit in his haughty posture and haughtier reply:

"I am, I am the King!"

and yet there is a hint of kingliness and sense of intrinsic worth, a potential possibility in the expression:

"And lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back."

It borders on and suggests kingly self-respect, a purposed worth.

The essentials of manhood develop slowly. The spirit of man is not regenerated in a day. So we are not surprised to learn that three years pass without any apparent change. During these three years King Robert has brooded on his fancied wrongs, depending upon the ties of blood through Pope and Emperor to right those wrongs. Another lesson is needed. The sustaining ties must be severed.

The author brings in the summons from Emperor Val-

mond to meet Pope Urbane at Rome, with dramatic effect. And in the journey, as the royal summons is obeyed, there is a sharp contrast between the royal splendor of the Angel, the ideal King, and the wretchedness of Robert, the real King, "on piebald steed with shambling gait"—

"Making huge merriment in all the country towns."

A fine climax is reached as the Pope receives his guests and

"Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed and cried aloud,
'I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise!'"

It is not difficult to imagine the exultant tone in which these words ring out, for King Robert had rested securely all these years in the conviction that in the influence of his brothers lay his restoration to wealth and place and power. Neither is it difficult to imagine his consternation and complete bewilderment when his brothers fail to respond. Pathetic indeed is his final appeal:

"Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

At this point in the poem the contrast between Emperor and Pope should be sharply noted. The Emperor, the man of the world, laughs and says:

"It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"

But the Pope, typifying the spiritual influence of the institution called the church, whose mission it is to find the kingliness in every man and therefore to recognize his brotherhood:

"In silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene."

Thus the last sustaining tie was severed and

"The poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace."

This ends the first movement of the poem and irresistibly there is borne in on consciousness an echo of the chant:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat."

There remains of the problem the fact that:

"He has exalted them of low degree."

There remains, too, to be taught the sublime lesson that within man himself lies the power and the possibility of rising "On stepping stones of his dead self to higher things."

As conditions were made hard for King Robert to force a realization of human limitations and the emptiness of self-sufficiency, so conditions are made easy for him to aspire to the higher things, to respond to the uplift of spiritual influences, to attain to the ideal. With artistic effect, the meeting with the Pope took place on "Holy Thursday." With the realization of his abjectness, there comes to King Robert the significance of the spiritual uplift of the Easter season with its appeal to the higher things in life.

"In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again."

This uplifting influence, with its suggestiveness, prepares us for a changed attitude on the part of King Robert. Therefore we are not surprised when:

"Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes" (*denoting the travail of spirit*) "the unwonted splendor saw.

He felt *within* a power *unfelt* before,
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward."

King Robert has now risen to a full sense of individual limitations and to a responsiveness to the higher influences and things of life.

Again the scene shifts and the reader is transported back to Sicily, where the final scene is to be enacted. Again the Angel mounts the throne. Again he asks: "Art thou the King?" But note the change:

"King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And *meekly* answered him: 'Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven.'"

Thus in act and in speech King Robert testifies that there has taken place within him an abiding regeneration of spirit.

The movement is now complete, and again we hear the chant of the monks:

"Above the stir and tumult of the street,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.'
And through the chant a second melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 'I am an Angel and thou art the King!'

The real and the ideal are now at one. So

"King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when the courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer."

Generalizations upon the character will be reserved until the close of the two kindred studies, "Job" and "Saul." Suffice it to say, that from an impulse within, though perchance through struggle and pain, through sorrow and anguish of spirit, man rises from the real, the limited, to the ideal, the larger limitation. It may be pertinent, too, to suggest that the Angel of a man's better nature, the possibility to which he may aspire, is an indwelling spiritual possession, not an external and wholly distinct fact.

CHAPTER X

CONTRASTED STUDIES (*Continued*)

SAUL

Said Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!" Then I wished it, and did kiss
his cheek.

And he, "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with His dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grass-patch, all withered and
gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldskirts fly open. Then once more I
prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid,

But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
 At the first I saw naught but the blackness; but soon I descried
 A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
 Main prop that sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
 Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all.
 Then a sunbeam, that burst through the tent-roof, showed Saul.

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
 On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
 He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there as, caught in his pangs
 And waiting his change, the king serpent all heavily hangs,
 Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
 With the spring-time,—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind
 and dumb.

Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its
 chords
 Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams
 like swords!
 And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
 So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.
 They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
 Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
 And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
 Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far!

—Then the tune, for which quails on the cornland will each leave
 his mate
 To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
 Till for boldness they fight one another: and then, what has
 weight
 To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house—
 There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
 God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
 To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here.

Then I played the help-tune of our reapers, their wine-song,
when hand
Grasps at hand, eye lights eye in good friendship, and great
hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life.—And then, the
last song
When the dead man is praised on his journey—"Bear, bear him
along
With his few faults shut up like dead flowrets! Are balm seeds
not here
To console us? The land has none left such as he on the bier.
Oh, would we might keep thee, my brother!"—And then, the
glad chant
Of the marriage,—first go the young maidens, next, she whom
we vaunt
As the beauty, the pride of our dwelling.—And then, the great
march
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch
Naught can break; who shall harm them, our friends? Then the
chorus intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned.
But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned.

And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened
apart;
And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles
'gan dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban at once with a start
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies courageous at heart.
So the head: but the body still moved not, still hung there erect.
And I bent once again to my playing, pursued it unchecked,
As I sang——

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of
wine,

And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword thou
didst guard

When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious reward?
Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, 'Let one more attest
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for
best!'

Then they sung through their tears in strong triumph, not much,
but the rest.

And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working whence
grew

Such results as, from seething grape-bundles, the spirit strained
true:

And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder and hope,
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the eye's scope,
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine;
And all gifts, which the world offers singly, on one head combine!
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the
throe

That, a-work in the rock, helps its labor and lets the gold go)
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,—
all

Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

And lo, with that leap of my spirit,—heart, hand, harp and voice,
Each lifting Saul's name out of sorrow, each bidding rejoice
Saul's fame in the light it was made for—as when, dare I say,
The Lord's army, in rapture of service, strains through its array,
And upsoareth the cherubim-chariot—"Saul!" cried I, and
stopped,

And waited the thing that should follow. Then Saul who hung
propped

By the tent's cross-support in the centre, was struck by his name.
Have ye seen when Spring's arrowy summons goes right to the
aim,

And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust
of stone

A year's snow bound about for a breastplate,—leaves grasp of
the sheet?

Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain
of old,

With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold—
Yea, each harm got in fighting your battles, each furrow and scar
Of his head thrust 'twixt you and the tempest—all hail, there
they are!

Now again to be softened with verdure, again hold the nest
Of the dove, tempt the goat and its young to the green on his crest
For their food in the ardors of summer. One long shudder thrilled
All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware.
What was gone, what remained? All to traverse 'twixt hope and
despair.

Death was past, life not come: so he waited. Awhile his right
hand

Held the brow, helped the eyes, left too vacant, forthwith to
remand

To their place what new objects should enter: 'twas Saul as
before.

I looked up and dared gaze at those eyes, nor was hurt any more

Than by slow pallid sunsets in autumn, ye watch from the shore,
At their sad level gaze o'er the ocean—a sun's slow decline
Over hills which, resolved in stern silence, o'erlap and entwine
Base with base to knit strength more intensely: so, arm folded arm
O'er the chest whose slow heavings subsided.

What spell or what charm

(For, a while there was trouble within me), what next should I
urge
To sustain him where song had restored him? Song filled to
the verge
His cup with the wine of this life, pressing all that it yields
Of mere fruitage, the strength and the beauty: beyond, on what
fields,
Glean a vintage more potent and perfect to brighten the eye
And bring blood to the lip, and commend them the cup they put
by?
He saith, "It is good;" still he drinks not: he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part.

Then fancies grew rife

Which had come long ago, on the pasture, when round me the
sheep
Fed in silence—above, the one eagle wheeled slow as in sleep,
And I lay in my hollow and mused on the world that might lie
'Neath his ken, though I saw but the strip 'twixt the hill and the
sky.
And I laughed—"Since my days are ordained to be passed with
my flocks,
Let me people at least, with my fancies, the plains and the rocks,
Dream the life I am never to mix with, and image the show
Of mankind as they live in those fashions I hardly shall know!
Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that
gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive for." And now
these old trains

Of vague thought came again; I grew surer; so, once more the
string
Of my harp made response to my spirit, as thus—

“Yea, my King,”

I began—“thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute:
In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit.
Thou hast marked the slow rise of the tree,—how its stem trem-
bled first

Till it passed the kid's lip, the stag's antler; then safely outburst
The fan-branches all round; and thou mindest when these too, in
turn

Broke a-bloom and the palm-tree seemed perfect: yet more was
to learn,

E'en the good that comes in with the palm-fruit. Our dates shall
we slight,

When their juice brings a cure for all sorrow? or care for the
plight

Of the palm's self whose slow growth produced them? Not so!
stem and branch

Shall decay, nor be known in their place, while the palm-wine
shall stanch

Every wound of man's spirit in winter. I pour thee such wine.
Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!

By the spirit, when age shall o'ercome thee, thou still shalt enjoy
More indeed, than at first when, unconscious, the life of a boy.

Crush that life, and behold its wine running! Each deed thou
hast done

Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; until e'en as the sun
Looking down on the earth, though clouds spoil him, though
tempests efface,

Can find nothing his own deed produced not, must everywhere
trace

The results of his past summer-prime,—so, each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill

Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give forth

A like cheer to their sons, who in turn, fill the South and the North

With the radiance thy deed was the germ of. Carouse in the past!

But the license of age has its limit; thou diest at last.

As the lion when age dims his eyeball, the rose at her height,

So with man—so his power and his beauty forever take flight.

No! Again a long draught of my soul-wine! Look forth o'er the years!

Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual; begin with the seer's!

Is Saul dead? In the depth of the vale make his tomb—bid arise

A gray mountain of marble heaped four-square, till, built to the skies,

Let it mark where the great First King slumbers: whose fame would ye know?

Up above see the rock's naked face, where the record shall go

In great characters cut by the scribe,—such was Saul, so he did;

With the sages directing the work, by the populace chid,—

For not half, they'll affirm, is comprised there! Which fault to amend,

In the grove with his kind grows the cedar, whereon they shall spend

(See in tablets 'tis level before them) their praise, and record

With the gold of the graver, Saul's story,—the statesman's great word

Side by side with the poet's sweet comment. The river's a-wave

With smooth paper-reeds grazing each other when prophet-winds rave:

So the pen gives unborn generations their due and their part

In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou art!"

And behold while I sang—but O Thou who didst grant me that day,

And, before it, not seldom hast granted Thy help to essay,

Carry on and complete an adventure,—my shield and my sword
In that act where my soul was Thy servant, Thy word was my
word,—

Still be with me, who then at the summit of human endeavor
And scaling the highest, man's thought could, gazed hopeless as
ever

On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,
Just one lift of Thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne
from man's grave!

Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart
Which can scarce dare believe in what marvels last night I took
part,

As this morning I gather the fragments, alone with my sheep!
And still fear lest the terrible glory evanish like sleep,
For I wake in the gray dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves
The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder, and Kidron re-
trieves

Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

I say then,—my song

While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and, ever more strong,
Made a proffer of good to console him—he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance
bathes,

He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before.
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent
The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though
much spent

Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same, God did
choose,

To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose.
So sank he along by the tent-prop, till, stayed by the pile
Of his armor and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there awhile,

And sat out my singing,—one arm round the tent-prop to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack—till I touched on the
praise

I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man patient there;
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was
'ware

That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak-roots
which please

To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked up to know
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care
Soft and grave, but in a mild settled will, on my brow: through
my hair

The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with
kind power—

All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine—
And oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the sign?
I yearned—"Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,
As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dis-
pense!"

Then the truth came upon me. No harp more—no song more!
outbroke—

"I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke;
I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain
And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned him again
His creation's approval of censure: I spoke as I saw.
I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.
Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty tasked
To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop was asked.

Have I knowledge? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought? how purblind, how blank, to the Infinite
Care!

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success?
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to His feet.
Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known,
I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my own.
There's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hoodwink,
I am fain to keep still in abeyance (I laugh as I think),
Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst!
But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love: I abstain for love's
sake

—What, my soul? see thus far and no farther? when doors great
and small,

Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth
appall?

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of all?
Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here the parts
shift?

Here, the creature surpass the creator,—the end, what began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone
can?

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less
power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous dower
Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a soul,
Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the whole?

And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the
best?

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection,—succeed, with life's dayspring, death's minute
of night?

Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive:
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.
All's one gift: Thou canst grant it moreover, as prompt to my
prayer,

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the air.
From Thy will stream the worlds, life and nature, Thy dread
Sabaoth:

I will!—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth
To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my despair?
This;—'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man
Would do!

See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall
through.

Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst Thou—so wilt
Thou!

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown
And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!

As Thy love is discovered almighty; almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the
most weak.

"Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee; see the Christ
stand!"

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly there,
As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with
her crews;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted not,
For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the gray of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling still
Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff and chill
That rose heavily as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
E'en the serpent that slid away silent—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the vine-
bowers.

And the brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is so!"

—Robert Browning

Thought Analysis:

The theme of this masterful poem was suggested to Browning by the 14th to 20th verses of Chapter XVI of the First Book of Samuel:

"The spirit of the Lord departed from Saul and an evil spirit troubled him. . . .

"And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. . . . And David came to Saul and stood before him. . . .

"And David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

David and Saul are the central characters in the poem. Abner, cousin to Saul and commander of the army, serves to introduce David and to indicate his task. David was the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite. He was cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person, and the Lord was with him. Saul was the "Great First King" of Israel. This sets the theme in general time and particular place.

In his abrupt beginning, "Said Abner, 'At last thou art come'," the author stimulates the imagination and arouses the curiosity. The curiosity thus aroused desires to know: Who has come? For what purpose? Why expected? This information is held in abeyance while an oriental formal ceremony of salutation is complied with. After this formal greeting, the author proceeds to gratify this curiosity, to state the conditions and to set the problem.

In the explanatory remarks of Abner interest is aroused in the problem which confronts David, and also in the means which he may employ in the solution of that problem, the effects of these means, and the final outcome of

the struggle. The author thus expands the original curiosity into permanent interest.

The problem is set in the lines:

"Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet."

These lines convey the impression that the need pertains to the King and that it is an urgent need. The fasting is indicative of the devotion of the people to their King. This devotion and high regard are further indicated in the phrase,—“with the joyful assurance,” which also is expressive of their hope and faith in David.

In the lines which follow, demands are made upon the imagination to picture Saul shut in from his people and the light and joy of life. His withdrawal from kindred and followers in the tent within the tent gives emphasis to the fact that Saul has divorced himself from life relations and fellowship with human kind. This withdrawal from sympathy, and fellowship with his kind, is forcibly expressed in the lines:

"For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life."

In this last line the assurance of confidence in the monarch's ability to triumph over the afflictions of the spirit is expressed, also his need for the sustaining power of life relations, in the sympathy and support through fellowship with human kind. This confidence, born of desire, is accentuated by confidence in David which is expressed in the exclamation, "Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved!" The

reader shares this hope and faith in David's power and purpose because of his ready response to the call of Duty. The promptness of this response is suggested by the reference to the harp with its strings wrapped and protected by "those lilies *still living and blue.*"

The keynote of David's character is expressed in his recognition of a sustaining power with which he puts himself in sympathetic relationship. This recognition is voiced in the expression:

"Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers,"

His full confidence in the sustaining grace of this power is beautifully indicated in the remainder of the sentence:

". . . and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder."

At this point in the development of the theme the attention is directed back to Saul and the fact that he is out of harmony with all the relations that make up the normal life. This unnatural condition of Saul is intensified by contrast with David, who, as he surmounts the obstacles which Saul has placed between himself and life and has come face to face with his problem, says:

" . . . Then once more I prayed,
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid
But spoke, 'Here is David, thy servant!' And *no voice replied.*"

Out of relationship with life and living, Saul fails to respond to human influence and human appeal.

In this whole stanza is made a splendid appeal to the imagination which should be exercised to the fullest extent. The desert country with its "sand burnt to powder," "the slippery grass-patch, all withered and gone," the tent

within the tent, the pitchy blackness, the "something more black than the blackness," the main prop of the pavilion, the figure against it, the sunbeam bursting through the tent-roof—all give in a vivid way the individual setting in place in which the theme is to unfold. Symbolic, too, is the darkness. Saul is enshrouded in the midnight blackness of despair and hopelessness and despondency of spirit. David must grope his way through these clouds of uncertainty and doubt and darkness, must dispel the forces of darkness and doubt, must illumine the mind and spirit of the Great Ruler. In these lines are recorded the strokes of the word-painter poet.

The intensity of the struggle, the soul-tension, is vividly portrayed in the picture of Saul, with arms outstretched, erect, tense, motionless, veritably nailed to his cross. "So agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

Here, then, is set the problem and the task of David. He must take Saul from this cross of agony; restore him to a sense of life and life relations; make him conscious and appreciative of his opportunities with their concomitant responsibilities. The movement of the poem sets forth the means employed by David to accomplish this change in Saul, and their effects in the solution of the problem.

Most artistically does the author again call to mind the readiness with which David has responded to the call of Duty by once more referring to the "lilies, fresh and blue," and referring also to the "sunbeams like swords" which soon would have withered them.

"Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams
like swords!"

The art of the movement lies in the exquisite diversity of

the song and the versatility of the singer. First there is the musical note of appeal—the soothing, calling note employed by the shepherd to draw home his flock at eventide. It is employed by David to arrest the attention of Saul instinctively—even as other animals, dumb of spirit, instinctively attend and respond. This call to the passive attention is indicated in the lines:

“And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.”

From the appeal of the soothing, calling note, the tune changes to the livelier calling note

“For which quails in the cornland will each leave his mate,
To fly after the player.”

Then the music changes to a lively, spirited movement that

—“makes crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another.”

Again the music shifts to a drowsy, soothing theme which

“has weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing outside his sand house.”

At this point the author interrupts the flow of the theme as it pertains to David and his problem of furnishing the means to effect the regeneration of Saul, to emphasize the unnaturalness of Saul's attempt to live in defiance of—or indifference to—the established and wisely ordered relations of life. This he does with artistic effect in the lines:

“God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here.”

From the appeal to the dumb instincts of life the singer turns to the theme of human relationships in every phase and form and to the need of human fellowship in all the

ways of life. The force and power of this outburst of music, with its shifting, varied theme, are best expressed by the author:

"Then I played the help-tune of our reapers" . . . ,

"Then the last song when the dead man is praised on his journey," . . .

"Then the glad chant of the marriage," . . .

"Then the great march" . . .

the martial note with its stirring appeal to active service for home and country.

"Then the chorus intoned

As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned."

In this movement the gamut of life has been run. In labor and recreation, in joy and in sorrow, in the stress and strain of war, in the fervor of religious devotion, in everything pertaining to life temporal and life spiritual, there is an imperative need for human fellowship and human relationships. There is imperative need, too, for mutual dependence, for mutual sharing and serving.

The reader is prepared for the effect of this passionate outburst by the abrupt breaking off as indicated in:

"But I stopped here: for here in the darkness Saul groaned."

The attention of the great monarch has been secured. His emotions and intellect have responded to the appeal. He has recognized the forcefulness of the mighty truths of human life with its manifold relations as voiced by the gifted harper. But he does not surrender himself to this fellowship and these relationships of human life.

"And I paused, held my breath in such silence, and listened apart;

And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered: and sparkles
'gan dart

From the jewels that woke in his turban at once with a start,
All its lordly male-sapphires and rubies courageous at heart.
So the *head*; but the *body* moved not."

Progress has been recorded, but the task is unfinished, the problem unsolved..

The theme shifts. Up to this point the song has been the song of life in general—now it becomes the life of man in particular. In the first part of this new movement is portrayed the joy of mere physical life—the eating and drinking, and sleeping, the sports and recreations and trials of strength, all testify to the joy and intensity of physical being. To this theme the harper returns again and again, as witnessed in the expressions:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor!" . . .

"Oh, the wild joys of living!" . . .

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

But suddenly, with climactic effect the singer changes the theme from the mere joys of living to the more significant theme of the responsibilities which go with life. He directs the attention, through the theme, with consummate art, to the hopes and aspirations, to the aims and ambitions, to the opportunities and responsibilities of Saul's own individual life. In a particular and profoundly significant sense, David emphasizes the relationships and fellowships, the hopes and ambitions, the opportunities and responsibilities which attend each individual life and which must find being and significance in the joys of living. This personal appeal is voiced in the lines:

"Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father whose sword thou
didst guard,

When he trusted thee forth with the armies for a glorious
reward?"

Out of these human and individual relations had come Saul's opportunities to gratify his ambitions, but with the opportunities came the inevitable responsibilities—as indicated in:

“Who trusted thee forth with the armies;
Whose sword thou didst guard.”

Saul's obligation to family and his individual responsibility for family standards are still further intensified by the beautiful allusion to his mother as she is about to pass through the valley and shadow of death:

“Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as men sung
The low song of the nearly departed, and hear her faint tongue
Joining in while it could to the witness, ‘Let one more attest
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime;’ (*of joy and
sorrow, of opportunity and responsibility*), ‘and all was
for best’!”

This theme of personal responsibility is further extended to brothers and friends, to the promises and fulfillment of a wonderful boyhood:

“Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine;
And all gifts,” (*which the world usually distributes among the
many*), “on one head combine!
On one head all the beauty and strength, love and rage, . . .
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them,
—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature,—King Saul!”

In this splendid, climactic outburst is voiced the fact that place and position and wealth and power combine to express the one sublime truth of individual responsibility. And with this splendid uplift of vision and superb outburst the harper cried: “Saul!”

“and stopped
“And waited the thing that should follow.”

In the intense appeal to the imagination which follows, in which Saul is likened to a vast, isolated mountain peak which, too, seems divorced from the relationships of life, the mind is led to Saul released, restored to life in a passive sense. He has become sensitive to the opportunities and responsibilities of life but he has not been persuaded to actively seize the one or to courageously bear the other. Much progress has been made in the unfolding of the theme in thus arousing Saul to a recognition of the demands of life. There is now set the new problem of giving him a fit incentive for actively participating in the relationships and the demands of life, and of convincing him that life is purposeful activity, not mere passivity.

In "girding up his soul's loins" for this new test of strength and ability, David gives a forcible suggestion of the value of reserved strength or power. He intimates his purposing to draw upon a reserve which he had built up during his hours and days of leisure as he lay on the meadow with face to the sky while his flocks fed in peace and harmony about him. These hours were spent—this reserve was built up—in the contemplation of life and its relationships at their highest and best. These meditations he voices in:

"Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that
gains

And the prudence that keeps what men strive for."

On this reserve he now confidently draws in his hour of need.

"And now those old trains
Of vague thoughts came again; I grew surer."

And now with a mighty leap David rises from the theme of individual relationships and temporal responsibility to the universal relationships and spiritual responsibility.

He lifts the theme from a contemplation of finite to the contemplation of infinite relationships.

After commending the attitude of the King toward life in:

“‘thou dost well in rejecting mere comforts that spring
From the mere mortal life,’” . . .

David rises to his higher theme:

“Leave the flesh to the fate it was fit for! the spirit be thine!”

Then in a sublime outburst the singer voices the sentiment or idea that in the infinite reaches of time there is no escape from the consequences and the responsibilities of individual life:

“‘Each deed thou hast done,
Dies, revives, goes to work in the world; . . .
—so, each ray of thy will,
Every flash of thy passion and prowess, long over, shall thrill
Thy whole people, the countless, with ardor, till they too give
forth
A like cheer to their sons: who in turn, fill the South and the
North
With the radiance thy deed was the germ of!’”

From the responsibilities of home and family life, the theme has risen to the responsibilities of life universal. From the responsibilities of past and present the theme directs the attention to the inevitable responsibilities of the future:

“‘Look forth o’er the years!
Thou hast done now with eyes for the actual: begin with the
seer’s!’”

Then follows the vivid picture of Saul’s death, his tomb, the record of his life, the attitude of his followers.

“ ‘Saul’s story,—the statesman’s great word
Side by side with the poet’s sweet comment.’ ”

And

“ ‘The pen gives unborn generations their due and their part
In thy being! Then, first of the mighty, thank God that thou
art!’ ”

In this closing line are revealed the full dignity and worth of individual life. It is the realization of this dignity and worth in a sublime sense which discovers Saul to himself. The effect of this realization and the effect of this uplift are revealed in the expression:

“ He slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly.”

With this return of self-possession and self-respect:

“ The right hand replumed
His black locks . . . adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, . . . the huge sweat that his countenance bathes
He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of yore,
And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set before,
He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent
The broad brow from the daily communion, . . .
. . . the same God did choose,
To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite lose.”

This last expression suggests the majestic truth of the lesser poet:

“ In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost.”

Saul has thus been restored. Has he been sustained?
This is to be determined by the test of David’s sincerity

and guilelessness. This test is made as Saul relaxed beside David, pushed his fingers through David's hair, bent back David's face so that he might gaze into it, study it, and study also the purpose, the sincerity, the truth, the manhood back of it.

"He sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees . . . and he bent back my head, with kind power— Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized mine."

David rings true to this test and assures Saul that back of his songs, his message, are the promptings of the love of man for fellow-man. With this assurance there rushes into consciousness the majestic truth that all the relationships of life, human and divine, find their being and significance in eternal Love and Law.

The movement, dealing with the restoring and sustaining of Saul to the dignity of manhood and the responsibilities of life, has been completed. There remains the completion of the theme, which gives dignity and worth to life and its relations, and which also gives being and significance to the sustaining power of David. In this final movement the climax of the theme as a whole is reached. This movement within the movement has been hinted at in the general unfolding of the theme. This movement suggests that human relationships with their opportunities and responsibilities find their worth and being in spiritual relationships; that these finite relationships, passing out of their limitations, find their being and significance in the infinite relations which are established in infinite Love and infinite Law.

This movement toward the sustaining power was first hinted at in the line:

"Then I, as was meet, knelt down to the God of my fathers."
and again in:

"Then once more I prayed."

It is again approached in the expression:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here."

It again finds expression in the testimony of Saul's mother:

"Let one more attest
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for
best!"

and again in David's outburst:

"O Thou, . . . my shield and my sword,
Still be with me."

These relations of the finite with the infinite seem based upon the unexpressed fact that, if created in the image and likeness of his Maker, the finite wills in kind, but not in degree, with the infinite. In one of his inspired outbursts David expresses his belief in this likeness in kind, but difference in degree, of the finite and the infinite:

"I but open my eyes and perfection no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking *within* and *around* me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet."

Again David emphasizes this truth:

"Do I find love so full in *my nature*, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it?"

The full force of God's love and purpose are revealed, as the poet sings:

"I believe it! 'Tis Thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive,
In the first is the last, in *Thy will* is *my power* to believe.
From Thy will stream the worlds,"

and in this comparison between the finite and the infinite will is implied the idea that man's ought-to-be coincides with God's is.

" 'Tis not what man Does that exalts him, but what man Would do! ' "

With this sublime assurance that the finite is compassed by—but like unto—the infinite, David voices his final appeal to Saul to assure him that David at his best is, after all, merely an instrument of the infinite in restoring and sustaining Saul:

" ' O Saul, it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee, a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever! a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ
stand! ' "

Thus ends the theme. The dignity of life with its responsibilities past, present and future, finite and infinite, together with the sustaining power of God's love and law, restore and sustain life; give incentive, dignity and worth to that life with all of its relationships, human and divine.

The remainder of the poem but attests that all nature, when rightly seen, appreciated and understood, attests the truth already voiced:

" All's love, yet all's law."

CHAPTER XI

CONSTRASTED STUDIES (*Continued*)

THE BOOK OF JOB

Thought Analysis:

THE facts pertaining to this great Hebrew masterpiece group themselves about Job and his conception of life, its relationships, its opportunities and responsibilities. To estimate these facts in relation it is necessary to define some organizing principle about which they may shape, fashion and extend themselves. All the facts of this great dramatic poem may group themselves about Job and his conception of life. To estimate correctly this conception the following determining factors may be noted: A man's conception of the universe and of his relation to that universe may be estimated (1) by his word; (2) by his act; (3) by his attitude toward others; (4) by what others say to him; (5) by what others say of him; (6) by the attitude of others toward him; (7) by his attitude toward himself and God. These factors must be considered in the days of his prosperity and also in the days of his adversity.

The opening scene of the poem locates the drama in place and defines the principal character:

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil."

This scene presents Job in the days of his prosperity.

His station in life may be classified briefly: Family, seven sons and three daughters; wealth, seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses; power, the direction of a very great household.

The scene is of a social gathering. After the festivities,

"Job offered burnt offerings according to the number, 'for some of my sons may have sinned against God.'"

This is Job the ritualist.

The second scene is before the throne of the Almighty. God addresses Satan:

"Hast thou considered my servant Job, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?"

And Satan sets the problem of the drama as he replies:

"Doth Job serve God for nought? Thou hast hedged him about; thou hast blest the work of his hands; touch all that he hath and he will curse thee."

"The Lord said: All that he hath is in thy hands, but touch not him."

The scene shifts back to the land of Uz.

"And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house:

"And there came a messenger unto Job, and said: The oxen were plowing and the asses feeding beside them:

"And the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

"While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants and consumed them; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

"While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said,

The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

"While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house:

"And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

In this scene Job is put to the test regarding his affections, his wealth, his station in life. He rent his mantle, shaved his head, and fell down and worshipped,

"And said, the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In these external afflictions he rings true to the test: Job doth serve God for nought.

Back to heaven the scene shifts. Again Satan came before the Lord and the Lord said:

"My servant Job is a perfect and upright man, and though thou movedst me against him to destroy him, yet he holdeth fast his integrity. But Satan replied: All that a man hath will he give for his life; touch his flesh and bone and he will curse thee."

"And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thine hand: but save his life."

Satan smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown and Job groveled in the ashes. His wife said unto him:

"Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die.

"But he said unto her, What! shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?"

And Job sinned not.

But in his lamentations Job exclaims:

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth like a shadow and continueth not."

So Job cursed the day of his birth and longed for death.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest."

Into his lamentations there crept the old fatalistic idea of a just balancing of good with evil as voiced in his protest:

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came."

This lamentation portrays his agony of soul through his bodily afflictions. The test of his integrity through the flesh was intense, pitiless, but again he rings true: Job doth serve God for nought.

In the next scene, located in the same place, there is the test of the spirit through the admonishings, reproofs and warnings of his three friends and counsellors, Eliphaz the Temanite; Bildad the Shuhite; and Zophar the Naamathite. The counselings, admonishings, reproofs of these three friends may be summed up briefly:

"Whoever perished, being innocent, or where were the righteous cut off?"

"Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground."

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

"Doth God pervert judgment? or doth the Almighty pervert justice?"

"Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water?"

"Whilst it is yet in its greenness and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb."

"So are the paths of all who forget God."

"Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man, neither will he help the evil doers."

"Should a wise man utter vain knowledge? Should he reason with unprofitable talk?"

"He shall neither have son nor nephew among his people, nor any remaining in his dwellings."

"Surely such are the dwellings of the wicked, and this is the place of him that knoweth not God."

"The triumph of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment."

Thus did his friends admonish and reprove, but thus, also, did Job answer and justify himself:

"How forcible are right words! but what doth your arguing reprove?"

"My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death;

"Not for any injustice in my hands; also my prayer is pure."

Then in a masterful outburst, Job voices his need for human sympathy and comfort in his affliction, but majestically attests his sense of his integrity and intrinsic worth.

"Have pity upon me! Have pity upon me! O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.

"Why do ye persecute me as God, and are not satisfied with my flesh?"

"Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book!

"That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever!

"For I know that my redeemer (my justifier) liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth:

"And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.

"Hear diligently my speech.

"Is my complaint to man? and if it were so, why should not my spirit be troubled:

"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, grow mighty in power?"

"Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groanings.

"Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!

"I would order my cause before him.

"There the righteous might dispute with him.

"He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

But in his sublime justification of himself, Job acknowledges the infinite ways of the Almighty, and intimates that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite:

"Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering.

"He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing.

"He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under him.

"He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it.

"He hath compassed the water with bounds, until the day and the night come to an end.

"The pillars of heaven tremble, and are astonished at his reproof.

"He divided the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud.

"By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens: his hand hath formed the crooked serpent.

"Lo, these are parts of his ways: but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

"The fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

The agony of spirit is intensified by Job's contrast between his previous and his present condition. He intensifies, too, his trials and vexations of spirit at the hands of others, but through it all affirms and maintains his integrity:

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me:

"When I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street!

"The young men saw me and hid themselves! and the aged arose and stood up.

"The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth.

"The nobles held their peace and their tongues cleaved to the roof of their mouth.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me and I caused the widow's heart to leap for joy.

"I put on righteousness, and it clothed me, my judgment was as a rose and a diadem.

"I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

"I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

"And I brake the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

This is Job's testimony of his own inherent worth in answer to the insinuations of his friends that he knew he must have practised hypocrisy and deception in secret.

In his vivid description of the change which has come over him, he intensifies his affliction of spirit:

"But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock.

"And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word.

"They abhor me, they flee from me, and spare not to spit in my face.

"Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud.

"And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of my affliction have taken hold upon me.

"When I looked for good, the evil came unto me; and when I waited for light, there came darkness.

"My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep."

In protest against the insinuation that his affliction is due punishment for his evil doing, Job says:

"If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail;

"Or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless have not eaten thereof;

"If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering;

"If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

"If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate;

"Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone."

"If I have made gold my hope, or have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence:

"If I rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because mine hand had gotten much;

"This were an iniquity to be punished by the judge, for I should have denied the God that is above.

"If I have eaten the fruits without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life,—

"Let thistles grow instead of wheat."

With this pathetic but manful defence his three friends were silenced. But Job's trials were not yet ended.

"Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite: against Job was his wrath kindled because he *justified himself* rather than God.

"Also against the three friends was his wrath kindled because they had formed no answer and yet had condemned Job.

"And Elihu son of Barachel the Buzite said, I am young, and ye are very old.

"Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.

"Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment."

Then addressing himself directly to Job he says:

"Behold, I waited for your words, I gave ear to your reasons.

"I will open my lips and answer. My words shall be of the uprightness of my heart.

"I have heard the voice of thy words saying

"I am clean without transgression, I am innocent, neither is there iniquity in me;

"Behold, he findeth occasions against me, he counteth me for his enemy.

"Behold, in this thou art not just. I will answer thee that God is greater than man.

"He looketh upon man, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not,

"He will deliver his soul, and his life shall see the light.

"Let us choose to us judgments, let us know among ourselves what is good.

"What man is like Job, who drinketh up scorning like waters.

"Which goeth in company with the workers of iniquity, and walketh with wicked men.

"But, his eyes are upon the ways of men, and he seeth all his goings.

"There is no darkness nor shadow of death where workers of iniquity may hide themselves.

"He preserveth not the life of the wicked: but giveth right to the poor.

"He openeth the ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity.

"But if they obey not, they shall die without knowledge.

"But the hypocrites in heart heap up wrath. They cry not when he bindeth them."

Then this prophet of righteous indignation directs Job's attention to the illimitable wisdom and power of God:

"God thundereth marvelously with his voice; great things doeth he which we cannot comprehend.

"He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth, likewise the rain.

"He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his power.

"Out of the south cometh the whirlwind, and cold out of the north.

"Hearken unto this, O Job, stand still and consider the wondrous works of God.

"Dost thou know when God disposed them, and caused the light of his cloud to shine?

"Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking-glass?

"Fair weather cometh out of the north: with God is terrible majesty.

"Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out; he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice: he will not afflict."

This poetic outburst prepares for the climax of the

drama, the magnificent scene in which the voice of God speaks to Job in the whirlwind, saying:

"Who is this that drinketh up counsel by words without knowledge?"

"Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding.

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof,

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

"Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place;

"That it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it?

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the seas? or hast thou walked in the search of the deep?

"Hath the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

"Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou bind Arcturus with his sons?

"Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart?

"Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south?

"Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?

"Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty mistrust him? he that reproveth God, let him answer it."

This vastness of idea brings to Job a new sense of the

power and majesty of the Infinite. So he answers him and says:

"Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.

"Once have I spoken, but I will not answer: yea, twice, but I will proceed no further."

Again the Lord spoke to Job:

"Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

"Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?

"Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency; and array thyself with glory and beauty.

"Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath: and behold every one that is proud, and abase him.

"Look on every one that is proud and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place.

"Hide them in the dust together; and bind their faces in secret.

"Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee."

Job acknowledges the inscrutable ways of the Almighty as he says:

"I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withheld from thee.

"Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear (*physical*): but now mine eye (*spiritual*), seeth thee.

"Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes (*of spirit*).

Thus ended the trials of Job.

Did Job meet this test of the spirit satisfactorily? Did he preserve his integrity?

"The Lord spoke to Eliphaz saying: My wrath is kindled against thee and thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of me the things that are true nor right, as my servant Job hath."

This is the testimony of word. Witness the testimony of act:

"And the Lord restored unto Job his family, seven sons and three daughters, and gave him of wealth, twice as much as he had before."

Thus Job, ringing true to the supremest test to which man can be submitted, proves that he doth serve God for nought.

This, in brief, is the great drama of Job. The conclusions which may be drawn will be reserved for the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER XII

CONTRASTED STUDIES (*Concluded*)

Robert of Sicily:

In each of the poems studied in the previous chapters the same problem is presented for solution, the problem of a worthy manhood, of individual worth and individual responsibility. In each poem, however, the problem has an individual setting, and, consequently, moves in a different manner from the defining of the problem to its final solution. In the first poem, "King Robert of Sicily," is set the problem of *attaining* unto the full stature of worthy manhood. In the second poem, "Saul," is set the problem of *regaining* a worthy and purposeful manhood. In the third poem, "Job," is set the problem of *preserving* a noble manhood. In the three poems is set the problem of life and of life's responsibilities.

In the poem "King Robert of Sicily" the central character named by the poem is devoid of any dynamic sense of personal responsibility and of any necessity for inherent worth. By virtue of the prerogatives of birth, he has attained wealth and place and power, and by virtue of these same prerogatives he lives unanswerable to any power, influence or responsibility. For him life sums itself up in wealth, power and position. Aside from these life has no opportunities nor demands that would give to it dignity and worth. Within the scope of these prerogatives of birth there are no limitations determining action, no power fix-

ing individual responsibility, no influence questioning the right to leadership. The lesson which this king is forced to learn, is the lesson of humility, of self-limitation, of individual responsibility which always goes hand in hand with individual opportunities.

This lesson he needs must learn through sorrow and pain, through struggle of soul and anguish of spirit, until there is born a consciousness of dignity and worth in life which inheres in the individual regardless of position, place or power.

The movement of this poem as it concerns the character about whom the facts group themselves is toward self-revelation and self-realization. Conditions are made as easy as possible for the teaching of this necessary and wholesome lesson. The uplift of the church, the embodiment of the higher spiritual forces, makes its appeal, but to the self-sufficient and arrogant king it has neither message nor significance. Slowly but surely move the forces to bring home the painful but salutary lesson of life. First, wealth and position are withdrawn and he is placed among the lowest of the lowly. But so long as there remain any external ties binding him to the past, King Robert fails to learn that, in the last analysis, individual responsibilities are accorded because of individual dignity and worth.

When the ties of birth are denied him, the soul is thrown in upon itself, and then through struggle and pain, and through sorrow and anguish, does King Robert come to a full consciousness of the prime essentials of manhood, of the inherent dignity and worth of each individual life. In this new consciousness he finds his finite limitations, he finds the interrelations of the opportunities and responsibilities of each individual life. Thus manhood is enthroned and the King, by virtue of the prerogatives of birth, becomes King by virtue of his kingliness of character. This

is the problem of manhood enthroned through the will and the deed of its possessor.

Saul:

In the poem "Saul" is found the problem of regaining a sense of individual responsibility and of personal worth. Saul has permitted his baser nature to possess him. The angels of his better nature must regain possession, must re-enthroned his manhood.

The poem opens with a scene in which Saul has fallen from the high estate of purposeful manhood. Surfeited with wealth and place and power, and with no inducement for further effort on his part, since nothing remained to be attained in a worldly sense, "The Great First King" subtracted himself from the activities and relationships of life to live passively in a hopeless memory of the past.

David with harp of gold and soul of fire became the great spiritual force which awakened Saul to new light and new life

"till he slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly."

In his masterful song of life, David threw Saul back upon himself, discovered him to himself; bore in upon his mind and spirit the lesson of life and life relationships, its possibilities, here and hereafter.

From family to community, from community to nation, from nation to world-wide influence, from past and present to infinite future, swell the chords of this majestic song bearing its theme in grand refrain, that individual opportunity and possibility are synonymous with individual responsibility; that the one cannot be denied nor the other avoided. With majestic power David iterates and reiterates that it is this union of individual possibility and indi-

vidual responsibility which exalts human life and gives to the soul its dignity and worth.

In his sublime song to Saul, David runs the gamut of individual life and to each soul reveals its mission and its worth. In the recognition of personal responsibility, in the realization of the unending influence of the individual act, in the regaining of self-mastery and self-respect, in the acceptance of life with all of its opportunities, possibilities, responsibilities, are recorded Saul's story of manhood regained. After a period of evil choosing, the soul has risen to a former state of dignity and worth, and all that gave it the true worth and grandeur of *being* has been re-enthroned.

This poem differs from "Robert of Sicily" in that it is the problem of *regaining* a soul-estate through the birth of a new consciousness of individual dignity and worth, of individual responsibility.

Job:

In "Job" is the problem of manhood maintained in full dignity and integrity. Job feels his finite limitations in a universe swayed by a Power which he can neither resist nor comprehend. The rules which govern man in relation to his fellow-man he finds inapplicable here:—"How shall a man be just with God? He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked." He feels, too, that his affliction is not due to any wrong on his part, as in the case of earthly punishment, so he exclaims: "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, grow mighty in power?" As he recognizes no earthly law in the forces which control him, Job voices his eternal protest against his affliction.

In the lamentations of Job and the counsel of his friends, the problems of pain and struggle are duly emphasized.

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; for he maketh sore and bindeth up; he woundeth and his hands make whole." In the admonishings of his friends there is voiced too the old conception that misery and holiness go hand in hand, a conception which finds expression in modern life in the philosophy of those who do not differentiate drudgery from labor. Their creed seems to be: Be miserable now. Wealth and fame, glory unspeakable, power and dignity of office, are just around the corner. But despite taunt and doubt, Job finally realized that through struggle and pain, through strain and stress, through the torn tissues of the emotions and the affections, the spirit of man rises to a higher conception of the problem of life and its meaning. The justification of the problems of life is thus voiced by Job:

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

In Job himself there is embodied the conception of a mighty individual who in calm and in tempest holds true to his own integrity and inherent sense of worth. In prosperity and in adversity he justifies not only God's ways toward man, but also man's ways toward himself. Sublime in his self-assurance, Job cries out:

"Though he slay me yet will I trust him, *but I will maintain my ways before him.*"

Firm in the belief of the righteousness of his cause, he exclaims:

"I know that my justifier liveth."

Though Job is supremely confident of his own integrity and worth, he is not nobly patient in the midst of his af-

fictions, rather is he divinely impatient for an opportunity to plead his own cause, to justify his own acts. In Job there is a great individual holding true to himself in all the storm and stress of life and to the faith that asks not reward and recognition, an individual who asserts and maintains the sacredness of his individuality. In Job is found the inherent loyalty of man to an idea—the loyalty that led Socrates to prefer freedom and the hemlock to life and limitation, the loyalty that nailed the lowly Man of Nazareth to the cross. In him is the precursor of the great spirits that extended the horizon of the world's downmost as they thwarted and defied the purple and the sceptre. In him there is a supreme individual, who, towering to the awful verge of manhood, is his own justification for being.

In Job there is a philosophic answer to his own unanswered question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Whether yes or no, the answer is, man has to live but one life at a time. Foreshadowed here is the genesis of the idea that position and power and external wealth may be the results of accident or caprice, but individual worth is purposed, and manhood enthroned can only be dethroned by the will of man himself; that man must be measured by his largeness of spirit, not by the external show of things; that right living pays dividends here and now; that right action is its own justification; that neither by threat nor bribe are the ways of life thwarted or changed, but through the stress and strain of struggle-hours spiritual adjustment is made. In Job, too, is intimated the sublime idea that the divinity in man, hoping not for reward nor seeking it, leaps in majestic response to the call of the Divine.

CHAPTER XIII

SUPPLEMENT A

Teaching is making conditions whereby the "law in the mind" may be applied to the "fact in the thing." In the analysis of a poem the teacher must direct the thought of the readers to the ideas, which related, make up the essential theme or purpose of the poem. Through pictures and descriptions the setting of the poem or selection to be studied may be made known and some incidents revealed. The real value of the study of any poem or selection by maturing children is not the knowledge which they may obtain and which may be furnished them by a parrot-like memorizing of what others have thought and said about the poet or the poem or of the circumstances in which and out of which it was written. The value lies in the quality of the thought analysis made by the children. The quality of this thought analysis measures in an effective way the efficiency of the teaching.

Human ingenuity has devised no substitute for the Socratic thought-provoking question. The idea which the form demands determines the question and also its logical order. It should be a question which focuses the mind on an idea embodied in the form but which doesn't embody an answer without

effort. Questions should be related and should move toward the theme or purpose. Perhaps nothing betrays the unskilful teacher so effectively as the scrappy, haphazard, disjointed questions which she asks, her proneness to follow tangents, side-issues and inconsequential details, and her fondness for giving information about the author or the selection which she has heard or read, instead of directing the mind to the thought of the selection studied and then resting firm in her assurance that thoughts which are of value will come to the mind through its own effort and activity. She should believe, too, that in a work of art meaning is not subtle nor obscure, but the form and content are in artistic and harmonious relation the one to the other. She should also believe that a selection well adapted to the experience and power of the class may well be analyzed and studied through the directed efforts of the class. If questions are thoughtful and thought-provoking, the answers in logical order of development will make reasonable discourse.

The following study of "Pheidippides" is an attempt to hint at the questions which may direct the thought of the mind to a study of the text.

Suggested Questions on the Study of Pheidippides:

Who speaks at the opening of the poem and for what purpose?

What is the significance of saluting gods, dæmons and heroes?

"Then I name thee" refers to whom and for what purpose?

With whom is Pan compared? What was the dignity of those gods in the Greece of that period?

What is the purpose of the curiosity or interest aroused by thus exalting Pan?

To what does "First" refer in the first line of the poem? Why used? What the effect?

What is the significance of

"Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!"

What does the poet, through Pheidippides, do for the reader in the remainder of the second stanza?

What curiosity or interest is thus aroused in the mind of the reader?

What is suggested by "into their midst I broke?"

What is the significance of "breath served but for" etc.?

What must have provoked the exclamation:

"Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?"

This thrust appealed to what in the Spartans?

In terms of the errand, what is its significance?

In what other manner is the hesitancy and jealousy of Sparta suggested?

For what does this information regarding the Spartans prepare the Athenians? (Justify your answer from the language of the text.)

"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta be friend?"

suggests what of the attitude of the Spartans?

The remainder of that stanza may be classified how?

What effect had the attitude of the Spartans upon Pheidippides? How was that effect shown?

To what did Pheidippides attribute the attitude of the Spartans?

Why did he chide the gods? What is the significance of his so doing? Was it a personal despair that he voiced? (Justify your answer.)

What is the significance of

"Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"?

What is the artistic effect of the chaotic character of the country traversed hinted at by the author and the chaotic state of the young man's mind?

What the artistic effect of introducing Pan at this point in the poem?

What was the attitude of Athens toward Pan? What the attitude of Pan toward Athens? What is the significance of the relationship in the light of the charges preferred against favored gods by Pheidippides?

What tangible proof had Pheidippides of his meeting with Pan?

What is revealed of Athenian character when his statements and proof were received without question or challenge?

(This ends the first movement of the poem and satisfies the curiosity aroused by the eulogy to Pan at the opening of the poem. Two other interests, however, have been developed. One interest lies in the doubt as to Pan's ability to realize his promise. The other concerns the personal reward promised Pheidippides the nature of which is merely surmised by him. The introduction of Miltiades prepares the mind for the battle of Marathon where the worth of Pan is to be tested and proven.)

What tribute is paid Pheidippides by Miltiades? What is the significance of this tribute?

What reply does Pheidippides make?

How does Pheidippides interpret this promise of Pan?

What is forecasted in "Unforeseeing one?"

What was the outcome of the battle?

What was its significance in relation to Pan and his promise?

What was the reward of Pheidippides meted out by the Athenians? by Pan?

What was the significance of Pan's reward?

Compare and contrast this reward with the one anticipated by Pheidippides?

What is the dominant trait in the character of Pheidippides as revealed by the poem?

What is the significance of this portrayal of fidelity to duty?

What is the quality of fidelity to duty that ends in death?

What is the significance of the poem?

Compare and contrast its central idea with the central ideas of "Nathan Hale" and "Regulus."

SUPPLEMENT B

Aims in Reading:

- (a) To train in methods of study.
- (b) To develop logical, organic thinking.
- (c) To lead to an appreciation of literary values.
- (d) To make conscious of worthy ideals as fundamental life influences.
- (e) To express thought, feeling and emotion worthily when couched in artistic form.

Suggested movement in study:

(The Great Stone Face.)

- (a) The problem set.
- (b) The influence of the ideal—(The Great Stone Face)—in general.
- (c) The influence of the ideal in particular (i. e., on Ernest).
- (d) Tests of fidelity to great ideal:
 - (1) Test of Boyhood—(Wealth as the ideal).
 - (2) Test of Youth—(Military Fame as the ideal).
 - (3) Test of Middle-age—(Oratory and Statesmanship as the ideal).
 - (4) Test of Old-age—(The Poetic and Prophetic vision as the ideal).
- (e) The revelation.
- (f) The life influence of a great ideal.
- (g) Is the ideal attainable?
- (h) Is the idealist necessarily impractical?

SUPPLEMENT C**Helpful Books for Teachers:**

- ARNOLD, SARAH LOUISE, *How to Teach Reading*.
BAKER, GEORGE P., *Development of Shakspeare as a Dramatist*.
BRYANT, SARA C., *How to Tell Stories*.
CLARK, S. H., *How to Teach Reading in the Public Schools*.
CORSON, HIRAM, *The Aims of Literary Study*.
COX, J. HARRINGTON, *Literature in the Common Schools*.

GARDINER, JOHN H., *The Bible as English Literature.*

HALL, JENNIE, *Men of Old Greece.*

HUEY, EDMUND B., *Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading.*

McCLINTOCK, PORTER L., *Literature in the Elementary School.*

MOULTON, RICHARD G., *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

MOULTON, *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Thinker.*

PYLE, HOWARD, *Adventures of Merry Robin Hood.*

SHAIRP, JOHN C., *Aspects of Poetry.*

STEDMAN, E. C., *Nature of Poetry.*

STOCKTON, FRANK R., *Fanciful Tales.*

TRENT, WILLIAM P., *Greatness in Literature.*

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD, *Appreciation of Literature.*

WOODBERRY, *The Torch.*

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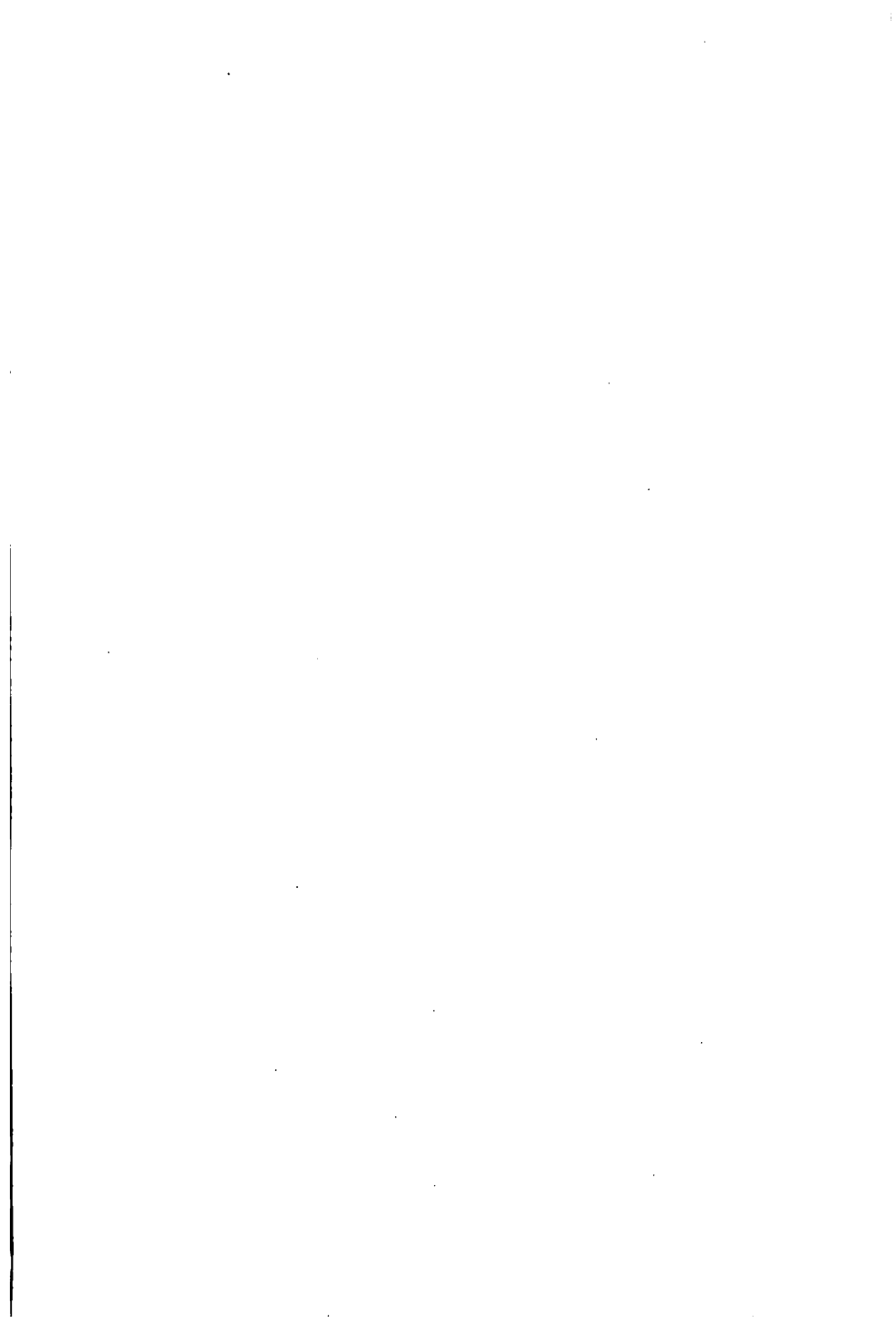
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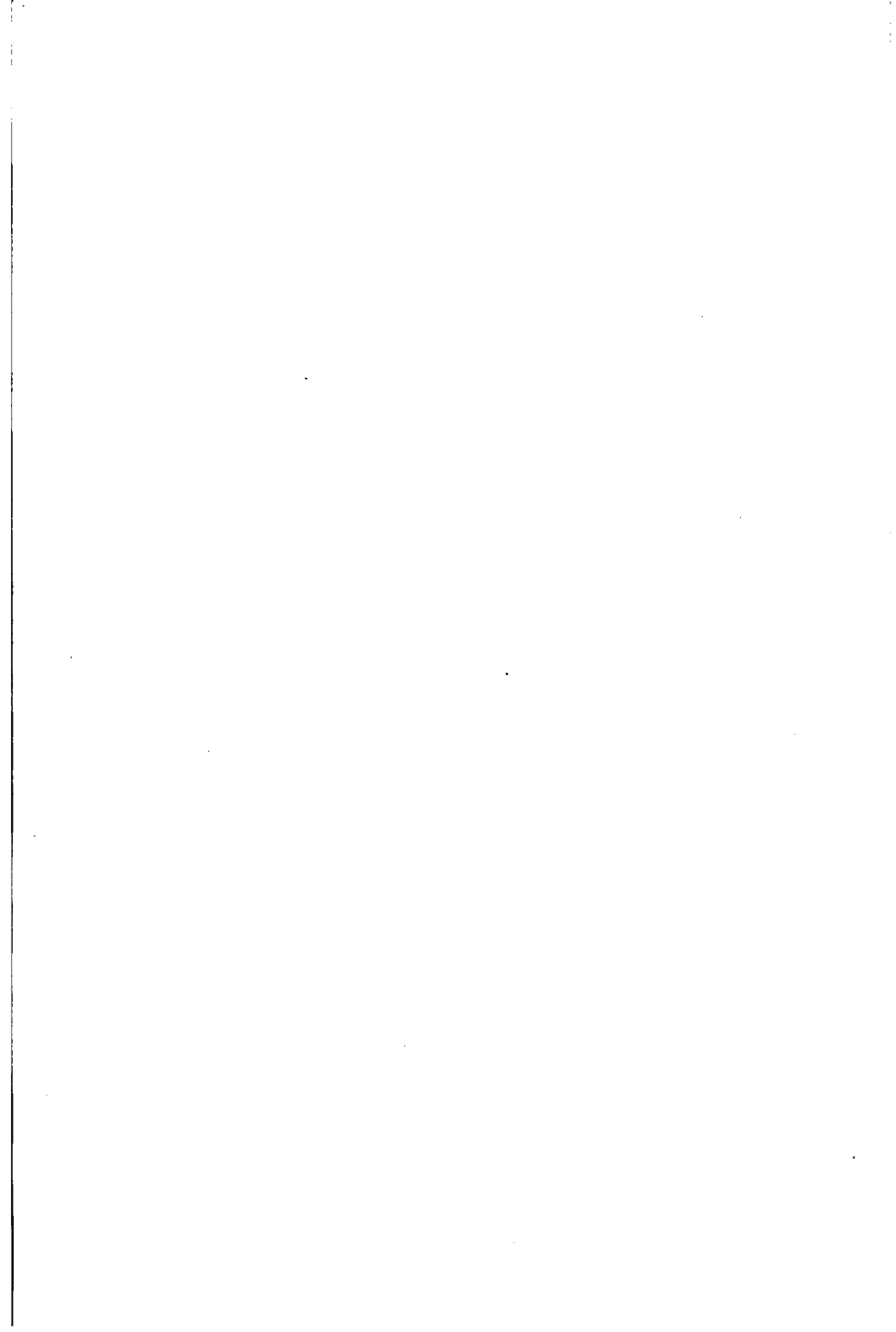
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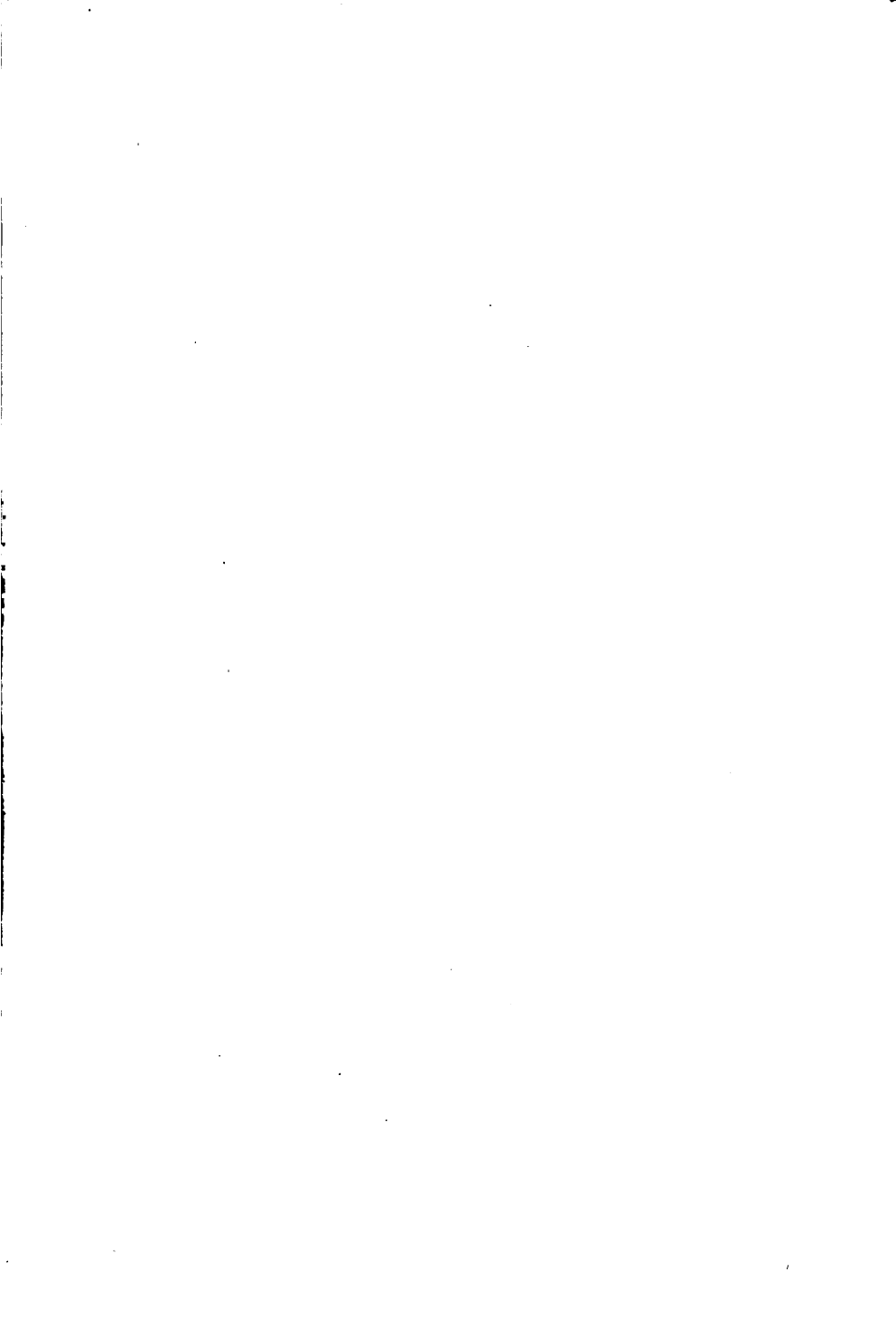
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